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PLACE-NAMES OF CANADA: THE CARLETONS.

GO into "dear, dingy, old Halifax," as Charles Dudley Warner called it and by so doing won the affections of all true Haligonians—the word of endearment, acting like the Recording Angel's tear and blotting out the sin committed by terming the city "dingy,"—and you will find a Carleton Street and a Carleton House.

Take a trip to bustling St. John, and you will see a Dorchester Street, and notice a Guy Ward, and, on crossing the river by the ferry boat *Ouangondy** you will find yourself in a part of the city called Carleton.

Extend your visit to Fredericton, the "Celestial City," and conspicuous among its tree-adorned streets you will observe Carleton Street.

Cross the Straits of Northumberland to Charlottetown, P.E.I., and a Dorchester Street presents itself to your observing eyes.

Visit picturesque old Quebec city, and you will discover that its cabmen are well acquainted with Carleton Avenue and Dorchester bridge and street.

Take the railway to Montreal and you will find in that city of imperial quays, without much trouble, a Carleton Road, a Dorchester Street and a Guy Street.

Run up to Ottawa by rail or by river and you may be transported pleasurably by the excellent electric

railway to Carleton Street in the suburbs. As you walk through Sparks Street, you will note that one of its finest buildings is Carleton Chambers.

Go west to London and that duplicate in miniature of the original London will supply you with a Dorchester Street and a Carleton Avenue.

Toronto and Winnipeg have each a Carlton Street, but that these street names commemorate the same person as those in the other cities named is more than doubtful.

Leaving out, however, the doubtful two, eight cities of Canada preserve, by means of fourteen street names, the memory of Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, by the use either of his Christian name, his surname or his title, and in the cases of four of the eight, of both family name and title.

But these are by no means all the memorials of Carleton that have been set up by the people of Canada to perpetuate his fame.

His family name is memorized in several of the provinces of the Dominion. There are Carleton County, Carleton Place and Carleton Island in the province of Ontario; Carleton parish and Carleton village in Bonaventure County, P.Q.; Carleton Post-office in Prince County, P.E.I.; Carleton Cape and Carleton village in Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia; and Carleton township in the electoral district of Selkirk, Manitoba.

His title has been utilized as a place-name tablet in Dorchester Port, Town

**Ouigoudi* is the Indian name for the original Indian village which stood where St. John now stands. Thos. Haliburton (Sam Slick) misspelled it *Ouangondy*, and the misspelled word has been handed down as the name of one of the ferry-boats there as far back as I can remember.

and Crossing, in Westmoreland County, New Brunswick; in Dorchester County, Province of Quebec; and in Dorchester Township and Station in Middlesex County, Ontario.

His Christian name has not been overlooked, though it does not readily lend itself to such uses—suggesting Guy Fawkes and grotesquely-dressed persons. Grateful Loyalists, who were harshly driven out by successful rebels or who voluntarily abandoned their homes for their principles, named Guysboro township, in Queen's County, and Guysboro County, Town and District in Nova Scotia after the man whose guiding hand had directed and protected them in their exodus. Ontario, also, has a Guysboro post-office and village in Norfolk County. St. John, N.B., narrowly escaped being called "Guy;" that name being urged by a prominent man in the exuberance of his admiration for Sir Guy Carleton.

Not content with thus establishing tablets to his memory, the people of Canada have seized on the names of other persons or places connected, in one way and another, with Sir Guy Carleton. His wife's Christian name was Maria, and she is perpetuated in the memory of the warm-hearted French-Canadians by Maria parish and village, and Maria Cape in the County of Bonaventure.

His father-in-law's title was Earl of Effingham, and Effingham is the name of a village in the County of Monck, Ontario. The place in which Carleton's father resided at the time of his death was called Newry. Because of his famous son's transient connection with that Irish village, Canada has among her place-names Newry Station, a village in Perth County, Ontario. Sir Guy was born in the village of Stra-

bane, County Down, Ireland. Hence Canada has Strabane post-office in Wentworth County, Ontario. During his first term of official life in Canada, Sir Guy was appointed governor of the fortress of Claremont, in Ireland. The name was adopted in Canada, as Claremont in Sombra township, County of Bothwell, attests. The first regiment to which the lad of eighteen years old, fresh from the tutorial skill of his excellent stepfather, was appointed, was the Earl of Rothes' regiment, and Rothes' settlement in Ontario County is the memorial tablet of that fact which Canada has set up.

After forty-four years of active service he retired to Basingstoke, England, and the place-name givers of Wentworth County, Ontario, have duly celebrated his connection with Basingstoke by bestowing the name on one of the post-offices of Grimsby township.

Since Oxford County, Ontario, received its name during Lord Dorchester's term of office and was given it by Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe in 1793, I am inclined to believe, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, that it, too, is upon the map of Canada, because the Dorchester from which Sir Guy took his title is in Oxfordshire, England. Burford, Woodstock and many other place-names, which are in what was the original Oxford County of Ontario, are found on the map of Oxfordshire and were bestowed on our Oxford County because Governor Simcoe had reproduced on this side of the Atlantic the Old Country name of Oxford.

It would be interesting to follow out this line of investigation and find out how many place-names have been planted in Ontario indirectly, because the name of Oxford was in all likelihood selected by Simcoe out of compliment to Sir Guy Carleton on account of his connection, through his title, with Oxfordshire, England.

Very few men and women associated in any way with Canada have had their names transformed into place-names to the extent that Guy Carleton has had

[Major (subsequently Judge) Upham, in a letter to Colonel Winslow, Sept. 12th, 1784, wrote: "I beg you will use your influence that the district of country to be settled by the Provincials, or Loyalist regiments be erected into a county and called by the name of CARLETON, and that the principal town on the river St. John be called Guy. Surely no man has so effectually contributed to the settlement of that country as Sir Guy Carleton."]

Quoted by Rev. W. O. Raymond, in *Canadian History Leaflet*, No. 2.

his names and titles and other belongings and surroundings.

Indeed, the number of place-names given in recognition of famous men and women in any age and country rarely exceeds the number, directly and indirectly, on the map of Canada because Sir Guy Carleton lived and laboured here.

Queen Victoria has contributed fourteen Victorias and sixteen variations, such as Victoria Beach, Dale, etc., to the list of Canadian place-names, and probably many more than that number in other parts of the widespread Empire during her long reign of over sixty years, besides a dozen or more in the United States.

In this last named country some of the Presidents have been embalmed in hundreds of place-names. "Lippincott's Gazetteer" gives 267 places within the United States which bear the name of Washington, and in addition 26 variations, as Washington Corners, Washington Four Corners, Washington Gulch, and Washington Hollows, to say nothing of the innumerable squares and streets named after the "Father of his country." There are, according to the same authority, 141 places called after Lincoln, 132 after Jackson, 104 after Grant, and 86 after Jefferson, while Monroe and the Harrisons (father and son) have respectively to be content with 71 and 62 places named in their honour. Polk is commemorated in 54 place-names, including Polk Patch and Polk Run.

Wellington is a popular place-name, "the Gazetteer" giving 21 Wellingtons in different parts of the Empire (not counting the Wellington streets) and, in addition, several Wellesleys and Morningtons. The cognate family name of Wesley, strange to say, is employed only fourteen times, principally in the United States. Evidently the Parson is "not in it" with the President.

But Guy Carleton holds a unique place owing to the fact that nearly every person and place* connected

with his life, that could possibly be utilized have been appropriated by Canada for place-names, among the few exceptions being the place of his burial; Nately-Scures I have not found in Canada. We do not run to double or hyphenated place-names in this country to anything like the extent they do in Europe, excepting in the case of the saints. We have culled from the Roman and Saxon hagiologies the names of over 500 saints, male and female.†

Whether or no there are more than the ones mentioned, the place-names given number over 40, directly or indirectly, on Canada's list of place-names because of the regard in which our forefathers held the man Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, during the period 1759-1796. In several capacities he had much to do with moulding the destinies of this Canada of ours and preparing her for her full development into a country whose people vie with each other to express, in two languages, their love for the Sovereign Lady in whose name run all the processes of law, all the Acts of Parliament and all the administrations of government.

What the people of Canada owe to Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, has been told in history, and should be kept in the memory of the people by the presence in Parliament Square of a statue of the man.

To Carleton's sagacity our French-speaking co-workers in the development of the Dominion owe the Quebec Act of 1774, and the preservation of their laws, their language, and their customs; for he took strong ground in favour of conciliation and went to England to fight their battle, winning for them, despite powerful opposition, the distinctive characteristics which they justly prize to-day as among their greatest treasures.

Neither do Odiham, Rossfad, and Moyston and some others that might be appropriately added to our list.

†Sir James Le Moine in "Legends of the St. Lawrence" gives a list of 43 St. Annes and is satisfied there are more of them. My own list includes 55 St. Annes and St. Anns. The early Breton navigators are responsible for many of these names.

*Greywell, the county seat of the Dorchester family, does not appear among our Canadian place-names.

He was the saviour of Canada on the St. Lawrence River. Had he not escaped (in the disguise of a fisherman) from Montreal when the American general, Montgomery, entered that city; had he been unable to evade the enemy's vessels that closely sentinelled the river; had his own and Captain Bouchette's presence of mind failed them, when, as he slept, a body of American soldiers filed into the adjoining apartment and were fooled by the nonchalance of the governor and his faithful aide—the province on the St. Lawrence would have become the property of the Congress. To his skill and energy we owe the defeat of Montgomery and Arnold before the ramparts of Quebec City. The night of Dec. 31st, 1775, when an attempt was made to storm the weakly-garrisoned citadel (the only remaining part of Canada not then under the control and in the occupancy of Congressional troops) resulting in the death of Montgomery, the wounding of Arnold and the discomfiture of the American forces—that night is one of Canada's memorable dates, because the event was the first of a short series which hurried* the revolutionary forces back to the place whence they came and preserved Canada to Great Britain.

Carleton who had saved Quebec by doggedly holding on through the winter of 1775-76, waiting for English ships to force their way up the river—in the meanwhile infusing his own courage and resolution into the hearts of the handful of young soldiers, raw militia and sailors he had found in the citadel when he landed from Captain Bouchette's boat—followed up the retreating foe, who rapidly fled in the greatest confusion when on the 6th of May the long-expected reinforcements arrived and H.M. frigates "Surprise" and "Isis" anchored under the shadow of Cape Diamond and sent 200 men ashore. By the 18th of June Arnold's men had been forced back from Ca-

nadian soil to Lake Champlain. By the 1st of July Carleton was in Chambly with all his plans ready for the mastery of Lake Champlain. By prodigies of labour he created and equipped, in three months' time, a fleet of fighting vessels that swept the Americans off the lake in three days and opened the gateway for British troops in their final attempt to put down rebellion—an attempt brought to naught by the malignity of Lord George Germain and the incapacity of General Burgoyne.

Carleton had charge of the embarkation from New York of the grateful thousands who, in 1783, abandoned homes and friends and sought new homes along the forest-fringed bays and rivers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, preferring the Union Jack to the Stars and Bars.*

He it was who, in 1789, secured the passing of the famous Order in Council which embodied his "wish to put a mark of honour upon the families who have adhered to the unity of the Empire and joined the standard in America before the Treaty of Separation in 1783"—the "mark of honour" he established, being the grand one of U.E. (United Empire Loyalists) which survives to this day as a much-prized badge.†

Carleton was the man who initiated the policy of kindness in the treatment

*Brook Watson (afterwards Sir Brook), writing to Rev. Dr. Brown, in 1791, and referring to the fact that "as Commissary-General to the army serving in North America it was his duty in 1782, under the command of Sir Guy Carleton, now Lord Dorchester, to embark 35,000 Loyalists of New York to take shelter in Nova Scotia," says, "they (the Loyalists) had great reason to bless the considerate mind and feeling heart of Lord Dorchester, under whose directions and provident care, ever awake to their wants, I had the pleasing task of liberally providing for them everything necessary to their transportation and settlement, with provisions for one year after their arrival."

†During the meeting of the Dominion Teachers' Association in August, 1898, I sent the following telegram to A. McKay, the President of the Association:

"An Order in Council was passed on Nov. 9th, 1789, at the request of Sir Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, the first Governor-General of Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In it Lord Dorchester expressed a wish to put a mark of honour upon the families who adhered to the Unity of the Empire in 1783. Opposite their names were put the letters 'U. E.'—thus preserving the memory of their devotion to a United Empire. The germ of the United Empire movement of to-day is contained in that Order in Council. I suggest, as most appropriate, November 9th for 'United Empire Day' in the public schools of the Dominion. It is also the Prince of Wales' birthday." Nothing came of the suggestion.

*In the "Precis of the Wars in Canada," printed by desire of the Duke of Wellington in 1826 "for official persons," it is said "the Americans appear to have evacuated Canada very nearly as rapidly as they had entered it."

of our Indians, which, continued to the present time, has been claimed rightly as one of Canada's crowning glories.*

Carleton urged the adoption of the Constitution of 1791 as necessary, took an active part in promoting it, and was called to England to assist by his advice in perfecting the measure, which is associated in the mind of the general reader with the memorable quarrel between Fox and Burke, and in the mind of the Canadian student with the division of the Province into Upper and Lower Canada, thus marking an important stage in the evolution of Canada.

Carleton had broad views of the value of the North-West, and proposed in 1778 the exploration of the continent, thus becoming one of the forerunners of overland Arctic exploration, and giving direction to the thoughts of Canadians at an early period in their history—thoughts which in later years were to be transformed into deeds, the memorial tablets of which are the acquisition of the North-West, the creation of Manitoba, and the construction of the interoceanic railway.†

He was the first Governor-General of British North America, and is numbered among the early grandfathers of Confederation; for in 1790, writing to Hon. W. W. Grenville (afterwards Lord Grenville), then Secretary of State administering the affairs of the Colonies, he "submitted the wisdom of having a general government for His Majesty's Dominions upon this

continent (as well as a Governor-General), whereby the united exertions of His Majesty's North American Provinces may more effectually be directed to the general interests, and to the preservation of the unity of the Empire."

As a man, high placed, always on the watch tower, Carleton kept his eye fixed upon the Unity of the Empire, conceiving it to be the star of destiny for Great Britain, and believing Confederation to be a most effective means for its accomplishment.

He successfully withstood Simcoe in his efforts to make London the great trade centre of Upper Canada, preferring Toronto. He thwarted the same Lieutenant-Governor's desire to make Toronto the military centre of the Province, preferring Kingston; and in both instances time has proved his superior wisdom.

In many other ways he secured a firm position in the love and esteem of the people of Canada. His strong sense of justice appealed to the French-Canadians and caused them to have an abiding faith in him. The story is told that on one occasion an army officer, driving out of Quebec in a carriage, found his way blocked by a *habitant's* team. The man of the sword ordered the man of the pruning-hook to get out of his way. Fired by the overbearing manner of the officer, the teamster refused to give more than half the winter road. The son of Mars blustered, and finally the two came to blows, the officer coming off second best. Guy Carleton heard of the fracas, and send in for the *habitant*, obtained from him his side of the story. The Governor asked the man of the toque if he knew with whom he had fought; "No, sir, I have not the slightest idea," was the answer. "Well," said Sir Guy, "he is my nephew." The *habitant*, not in the least abashed, but full of confidence in Sir Guy's impartiality—or, perhaps, it would be nearer the truth to say, partiality for French-Canadians—replied, "I am glad to hear that, for I know now that he will get his just deserts for attacking me."

* Guy Carleton, in February, 1778, informed the Government of Nova Scotia that "Priest Bourg has already orders to proceed to Halifax to receive instructions for the establishment of his mission among the Indians of the St. John River, his (Carleton's) object being to employ the zeal and fidelity of the French priests to preserve the Indians by a policy of conciliation, to the English in their struggle with the Colonial troops." These Indians had been much incensed by the removal of their priest, Father Charles Bailly, by Lord William Campbell.

† Early in 1778 he wrote to Lord Shelburne: "I can easily find in the troops here (Quebec), many officers and men very ready to undertake to explore any part of this continent, who require no other encouragement than to be told that such service will be acceptable to the King, and, if properly executed, will recommend them to his favour. . . . Should His Majesty think proper to allow the traders to go up the Western Lakes, as formerly, I think a party might winter in one of their posts, set out early in the spring for the Pacific ocean, find out a good port, take its latitude and longitude, and describe it so accurately as to enable our ships from the East Indies to find it out with ease, and then return the following year. Your Lordship will readily perceive the advantage of such discovery."

It would be impossible, in the space allotted, to give details showing fully the force of each of the reasons adduced for the treasuring by Canadians of Guy Carleton's name and fame. I take but one of those enumerated, viz., the sea-fight on Lake Champlain.

One of the most interesting sea-fights in our history is the curious contest between land-General Guy Carleton and land-General Benedict Arnold on the waters of Lake Champlain. After being compelled to abandon the siege of Quebec in the early months of 1776 Arnold had retreated to Montreal and, finding that he could not retain that city in the changed condition of affairs, had evacuated it and hastened to St. John's. Having abandoned all hope of holding any portion of Canada for the Congress, his chief concern during the summer months was to prevent General Carleton making his way up Lake Champlain to Crown Point and Fort Ticonderoga and thus be in a position to sever the communications between New England and the other States. To accomplish his purpose Arnold industriously collected a flotilla of sixteen vessels with an equipment of 100 guns and about 700 men. The latter he drilled incessantly during the months he was preparing his vessels and brought them to a fair degree of efficiency, as they were farmers and farmers' sons of New England stock and above the average seaman in intelligence; and, besides, they were making ready to defend their homes.

While at one end of the lake Arnold was getting his vessels, his guns and his men into good shape, at the other end Carleton was putting forth tremendous efforts to provide a flotilla equal to the task of sweeping the lake clear of the vessels of the Congress. Every vestige of vessel craft, big and little, had been carried off by Arnold. Carleton had to begin from the keel in every case. In three months he had succeeded in building a respectable fleet of vessels, three of them broadside vessels, and 20 of them gunboats, armed (in all) with 53 guns. These were manned with about 700 sailors

from the men-of-war lying at Quebec, and on the 9th of October, 1776 he set sail. On the 10th it was reported to General Carleton that the enemy's vessels had been sighted near Green Island, which is in the widest part of the lake, where Arnold had been cruising for some time in expectation of grappling with Carleton for supremacy on the lake, under the most advantageous conditions, his great aim being to get the weather gauge, by hiding behind an island till Carleton's vessels with a fair wind sailed past. On the 11th, in a fight which took place on that day between some of the English gunboats and an American-manned frigate, the first blood was drawn. The frigate was the *Royal Savage*, originally a British vessel, the *Royal George*, which Arnold had found at St. John's and had carried off and rechristened, with a certain grim humour that found its complement in the *Loyal Convert*, which Arnold had left behind him at Quebec as the *Mary*, and which Carleton, after renaming her, had hauled via the Richelieu River to St. John's.

The *Carleton*, (schooner, 12 guns), sailing for the bay at the upper end of Green Island, discovered the entire fleet of the enemy posted in the form of a half moon, in a small bay of Valcour Island—an island from 120 to 180 feet high and two miles in length—the position being such that any vessel attacking them was exposed to the fire of the whole fleet. Without hesitation the English Captain, Dacres, stood directly in for the waiting fleet and anchored the *Carleton* with a spring on her cable, in nearly the middle of the half-moon. A tremendous cannonading on both sides opened. The *Carleton*, alone and without any assistance, stood the storm of cannon balls and though much damaged and with only one officer fit for duty—Dacres having been knocked senseless and another officer losing his arm—she managed to prevent the escape of the enemy till 8 o'clock in the evening when, the other vessels of General Carleton's fleet coming up, the American fleet were bottled up very effectively.

The darkness of an October night closed in around the combatants and the English hugged themselves with delight over the prospect of bagging their game next morning. But during the night Arnold concluded to steal away from such hard-hitting foes and as his captains knew every passage and every island, he managed to escape with all his vessels, a dense fog aiding them. By daylight he was out of sight of the British.

When General Carleton found that his opponent was nowhere to be seen his rage was terrible. He started at once to follow the flying foe. But the wind which had been favourable to the American General in his night retreat was unfavourable to the British General in his day pursuit, and Carleton was obliged to return to the shelter of Valcour. By sending scouting parties along the shore he learned that the enemy were at anchor making necessary repairs behind Schuyler Island, at which point the lake begins again to broaden out. Remaining where he was through the day, repairing the *Carleton* after her battering of the day before, Carleton hoisted anchor at nightfall and, despite a contrary wind, sailed after the foe.

On the morning of the 13th he was rewarded for his night's efforts. He was within five miles of the retreating vessels, striving with sail and sweep to get beneath the guns of Crown Point, then 28 miles away. Carleton, in the *Marie*, 14 six-pounders (named after his young wife), had with him the *Inflexible* of 20 twelve-pounders and 10 smaller guns, and the *Carleton* much crippled after her plucky fight with the whole American fleet on the 11th—the

other members of his flotilla being much too sluggish to keep up with the trio. With these three vessels, Carleton caught up with the *Congress* (Arnold's flag-ship) and the *Washington*, which two vessels formed the rearguard. A running fight began and continued till off Split Rock, and ten miles from Crown Point, when the *Washington* struck her colours. Three galleys ran ashore and were burned. Arnold ran his own vessel ashore and set fire to her. Four gondolas were also driven ashore, and of the 16 vessels that formed the American flotilla all were destroyed excepting three which escaped and reached Crown Point and safety.

A remarkable parallel to recent naval battles is seen in the fact that during the action of the 13th, which lasted from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m., not a single man on the side of the British was either killed or wounded, General Carleton only receiving a slight wound in the head from a splinter torn up by a cannon ball. Besides the killed and wounded on the American side, one hundred and ten men were taken prisoners by the British.*

* For this narrative I have relied upon (1) General Carleton's letter to Lord George Germain. "Principal Secretary of State for the American Department," written the day after the engagement of the 13th; (2) Captain Douglas's letter to Mr. Stephens, Secretary of the Admiralty, written 7 days after the fight; (3) Capt. Thomas Pringle's letter to the Lords of the Admiralty, written 12 days after the battle, and (4) General Phillips' account related to General Riedesel personally, and published in General Riedesel's journal, translated by Wm. L. Stone. (J. Munsell, Albany, N.Y., 1868.)

Of the competency of the first three as witnesses there can be no doubt, and as to the fourth, General Riedesel endorsed General Phillips' account, and Riedesel was on the spot a week after the engagement had taken place.

The account I have given differs somewhat from Capt. Mahan's account in "History of the Royal Navy of Great Britain," and very much from the florid account given by John L. Spears in "History of the United States Navy."

George Johnson.



OLD AGE PENSIONS IN NEW ZEALAND.*

From The Australasian Review of Reviews.

Shillin' a day,
Bloomin' good pay,
And, - lucky to get it.
A shillin' a day!

—Rudyard Kipling.

PERHAPS the most striking characteristic of colonial legislation is its tendency toward experiment. Nor is this unnatural. England, the mother of many colonies, is old and slow to change her ways, and public opinion takes long to form in a nation of thirty-eight millions of people. The chains of precedent are not easily shaken off in a land where civilization has been the slow growth of many hundreds of years, where pictures are dimmed, and statues and public buildings blackened with the decay of centuries, and where the whole environment speaks of an historic past. But in the colonies the naturally conservative feeling of Englishmen undergoes a reaction. Traditions have little hold upon us. Public opinion is more quickly formed, and the dream of a few quickly becomes the ideal of many. We live in an age of universal suffrage, and popular leaders are naturally appreciative of the aspirations of the vote-possessing multitude. Besides, it is only to be expected that colonists who have been thrown upon their own resources from the very outset, who have had to make homes with their own hands in a new country, should develop a constructive faculty, an originality, and habits of self-reliance which would lead them to form plans of action as bold as they are novel.

POLITICAL EXPERIMENTS.

New Zealand is a typical colony, and it must be admitted that its legislation is largely experimental. Some, pessimists for the most part, would have us believe that it is the happy hunting ground of the political faddist. Are

we really rushing in where angels fear to tread, or are our laws simply a little ahead of the times? To illustrate the tendency of progressive legislation at length would be beyond the scope of this article; but it requires no far stretch of imagination to prophesy that, before many years are over, many of our laws, which now appear to contain new political principles of doubtful expediency, will be adopted in other colonies. The women's franchise is "coming." It is only a question of time. Our Conciliation and Arbitration Act is attracting attention even in England, and our Lands for Settlement Act, giving powers to the State of acquiring large estates by compulsion (as a last resort), is now recognized, even by those who were at one time most opposed to it, as not having been productive of any injustice in practice, and as having done much to promote closer settlement on the land.

Probably no measure passed in any colony has been so experimental, progressive, democratic (whatever it may be called) as the Old Age Pensions Act, just passed by the New Zealand Parliament, and it is for that reason, and because it is the first Act of its kind passed in any colony, that I consider some account of its provisions might prove interesting.

The idea of an old age pension arises partly out of a feeling of repugnance to a poor law, or charitable aid system, and partly from the spread of socialistic views which are directly antagonistic to the *laissez faire* principle, and are constantly urging on legislation tending to the equalization of wealth. Even those who are most energetic in preaching the virtues of thrift admit that in a civilized country we cannot allow our aged poor to starve.

* Mr. Montgomery, the writer of the article, is a member of the New Zealand House of Representatives.

If this be granted, it is but a step further to say that we shall take care of our aged poor, not only so as to keep them from bare starvation, but in such a way that their declining years shall be passed in reasonable comfort, and that we shall do this at the expense of the strong, the active, and the wealthy in the community, any number of which may one day need the like assistance. This is socialistic, no doubt, but so is all charitable aid; and the day has gone by when a project could be condemned merely because it savoured of socialism. All States maintain their aged poor in some way—grudgingly, for the most part; and if this has to be done, the question is, Why should it not be done cheerfully, and in such a way that the bitter pill of charitable aid shall at least be disguised as much as possible.

A LONG DEBATE.

The agitation in favour of old age pensions is little more than three years old in New Zealand. About the year 1895-6 it was a common question to ask aspiring candidates for political honours, "Are you in favour of old age pensions?" The reply almost invariably given to this, and generally considered a "safe" one, was "Certainly, if a practicable scheme can be devised" (there is great virtue in an "if"). The Premier (Mr. Seddon) was known to be in favour of the general principles of old age pensions, but it came as a surprise when, in 1896, he actually introduced an Old Age Pensions Bill. This was just before the general election of that year, and every politician knows that while some bills are introduced with the hope that they may pass, others are brought in in order that the Government may learn, from the discussion that takes place, in which way the cat of popularity is likely to jump. The Bill of 1896 was destined to die young. A crude measure at best, it was dropped after an amendment had been carried against the Government in favour of making the pension universal. A general election took place immediately after

the session, and a scheme of old age pensions naturally became one of the planks of the Liberal Party. The Government came back with a reduced but considerable majority, and in the session of 1897 another bill, dealing with the same subject, was introduced. After an animated debate, during which every form and scheme of old age pensions was discussed ad nauseam, the bill, with many amendments, passed the Lower House, only to be rejected by the Legislative Council; an event which, if we admit the French principle of "*reculer pour mieux avancer*," was by no means an unalloyed evil.

A Bill similar to that which had been rejected by the Council in the previous session, but with some modifications and improvements, was introduced in the House of Representatives this session, and after being again amended, passed through all its stages. The Legislative Council (now reinforced by three members appointed by the Government during the recess) approved of the second reading by a majority of eight. The Speaker of the Council ruled that as the Bill was a money bill it could not be amended in committee, and so it finally passed in the same form as it had come up from the Lower House.

THE OLD AGE PENSIONS ACT.

There are hundreds of schemes for solving this difficult problem. They differ from each other in every possible way, but their points of difference may be classified under three heads:

- (1) What should be the amount of the pension?
- (2) Who would receive the pension?
- and
- (3) How should the money be provided?

I propose to show how the New Zealand Act has answered these questions.

HOW MUCH SHOULD THE PENSION BE?

After long debates, and as the outcome of many opposing theories, the amount of the pension has been fixed at £18 a year, which works out approximately at a shilling a day. There are, however, many members

who hold that a larger pension should have been granted, and that this should have been diminished, pound by pound, by all income accruing to the pensioner without any exemptions. Practically the amount of the pension is of less financial importance than the question of how far the fact that a person is in receipt of an income should affect the amount of his pension. The provisions of the Act dealing with this part of the subject will be explained later on.

WHO SHOULD RECEIVE THE PENSION?

Two ancient adversaries, Logic and Expediency, come into conflict immediately this question is raised. Logic champions the theory that every old man (or woman) should receive a pension out of the ordinary revenue because, (1) Everyone contributes towards that fund in the shape of taxes; (2) If a distinction is attempted to be drawn between the indigent and those in comfortable circumstances, and relief is given only to the former, such relief cannot be a "pension," but must be in the nature of charitable aid.

At one time there was a majority in the representative Chamber in favour of the principle that pensions should be given to all, but the difficulty of raising sufficient money, by taxation or otherwise, to carry out such a vast scheme, proved insurmountable, and member after member has reluctantly abandoned the universal pension as "a consummation devoutly to be wished," but impracticable. Logic may have been the guiding star of philosophers of the time of Socrates, but expediency is the goddess of the degenerate politician of the present day, and in 1898 Parliament reversed its decision given in 1896, and decided emphatically against the universal pension scheme.

After abandoning the project of giving pensions to all, Parliament fell back on the principle that pensions should be given only to those who were in actual want. This came so very near to charitable aid pure and simple, that it was felt that if it was intended to distinguish between poor law relief and an old age pension, some special qualifi-

cation should be added. This distinction is made by insisting that a pensioner shall be a "deserving" person. The principle underlying the New Zealand Bill is, therefore, that pensions should be given to the aged deserving poor.

SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES.

Proceeding upon this foundation a number of problems presented themselves for consideration.

The age limit was the first. In connection with this, the Bill provides that "Subject to the provisions of this Act, every person of the full age of sixty-five years or upwards shall, whilst in the colony, be entitled to a pension as hereinafter specified."

While some considered that the age should be fixed at sixty, instead of sixty-five, it was generally conceded that the Bill should be made as economical as possible at first.

Having decided that the pension should be given to the aged poor, the question arose, "When is a man so poor that he should receive from the colony a pension in his old age?" The Act provides that he shall receive a pension if "his yearly income does not amount to fifty-two pounds or upwards"; and also, "the net capital value of his accumulated property does not amount to two hundred and seventy pounds or upwards."

Perhaps the most knotty point to decide was to what extent should any income a pensioner might be receiving affect the amount of his pension. To meet this difficulty pensions are fixed on a sliding scale, and a distinction is made between income derived from accumulated property and income received from any other source. To quote the Act again,—

"(9) The amount of the pension shall be eighteen pounds per year, diminished by, (1) One pound for every complete pound of income above thirty-four pounds; and also by, (2) One pound for every complete fifteen pounds of the net capital value of all accumulated property, computed and assessed as next hereinafter provided."

In assessing the value of accumulated property an exemption is allowed of £50.

The effect of these provisions is that a person having an income of £34, and having no more than £50 worth of property, will receive the full pension of £18. If his income exceed £34, his pension will be diminished to a proportionate extent.

If a person holds property of the value of £50 he may still receive the full pension, but his pension will be diminished £1 for every £15 worth of property he owns in excess of the exemption, so that a person possessing £320 worth of property will not receive any pension.

As only the deserving persons are to receive pensions, it is important to ascertain

WHO ARE THE DESERVING?

It would be as well to mention at the outset, in case there are any old men in other colonies who have conceived the idea of hastily emigrating to New Zealand, that the people of this colony have no intention of allowing it to become a dumping-ground for the aged poor of other countries, and that a period of residence of twenty-five years is necessary before a claim to a pension can be established.

Aliens, Asiatics, lunatics and criminals, as would be expected, are excluded from the benefits of the Act. There are, however, degrees of criminality, and a criminal is not within the meaning of the Act unless "during the period of twelve years immediately preceding he has been imprisoned for four months, or on four occasions, for any offence punishable by imprisonment for twelve months or upwards, and dishonouring him in the public estimation; or during the period of twenty-five years immediately preceding such date he has been imprisoned for a term of five years with or without hard labour for any offence dishonouring him in the public estimation."

A crude definition, perhaps, but a line had to be drawn somewhere. The words "dishonouring him in the pub-

lic estimation" are said to be taken from the Danish Act, and will probably need a good deal of judicial interpretation. Wife deserters (and husband deserters) are also disqualified.

Great efforts have been made to establish a distinction between those who are entitled to "pensions," and the recipients of charitable aid. The task was an almost superhuman one after it had been decided that poverty was a necessary qualification. With this object an attempt has been made to institute a "character test." The result is that anyone reading the Bill would almost imagine that it had been drawn up by a Parliament of Puritans, and that the pensioners would be numbered among the saints. Yet no one can deny that the object is a most laudable one, and it is to be hoped that, at any rate, some worthless characters will thus be excluded. To obtain a pension a claimant must show (to the satisfaction of a magistrate) that "he is of good moral character, and is, and has for five years immediately preceding, been leading a sober and reputable life." If a pensioner is convicted of certain offences (drunkenness in particular) the magistrate may forfeit any one or more instalments of his pension, and "if, in the opinion of the convicting court, any pensioner misspends, wastes, or lessens his estate, or greatly injures his health, or endangers or interrupts the peace and happiness of his family, the court may, by order, direct that the instalment be paid to any clergyman, Justice of the Peace, or other reputable person for the benefit of the pensioner, or may, by order, cancel the pension certificate." After this who shall say that the women's franchise has had no influence on our New Zealand legislation?

WHERE THE MONEY COMES FROM.

The amount of money annually involved can only be estimated approximately. New Zealand has a population of 750,000 people, and the Government estimate the cost of the pension at £120,000 a year. In nearly every country of the world this would be met

by increasing taxation, and, indeed, this was proposed with the bill of 1886, but was omitted from the bills subsequently introduced. But in New Zealand our finances are in a remarkable position. For some years past there has been a surplus of revenue over expenditure; indeed, so large has the surplus been, that during the last five years over £1,000,000 has been transferred to the Public Works Fund, out of which roads, bridges, and railways have been constructed. Without entering into such controversial points as how much the annual surplus has been, it is generally admitted that there is every probability that in the future it will be more than sufficient to provide the amount required to pay the pensions given by the Act. In other words, our ordinary revenue will be sufficient to provide for the payment of the old age pension charge without additional taxation. The financial proposals of the Act are therefore of the simplest kind, and are contained in one clause—

“(58) The Colonial Treasurer shall from time to time, without further appropriation than this Act, pay out of the Consolidated Fund into the Post Office Account, by way of imprest, whatever moneys are necessary in order to enable the instalments specified in such schedules to be paid out of such account, and the Postmaster-General shall thereupon pay such instalments accordingly :

“Provided that this section shall continue in operation until the fourteenth day after the close of the second session of the now next succeeding Parliament, but no longer.”

The proviso is important, since it ensures that the whole question must come before Parliament again within three years' time.

There are always two sides to every question, and the Opposition party held the view strongly that the pension fund should be derived partly from individual contributions (as in Germany). The strong argument in favour of this was that such a scheme would be a direct incentive to thrift (a virtue which is not

encouraged by the Act). On the other hand it was argued that few would avail themselves of the advantages of a pension scheme which was merely voluntary, and an Act insisting on direct compulsory contributions would be impracticable. Many held that the proceeds of some special tax should be set apart to provide a pension fund, but as no one wished to add to our already heavy burden of taxation, the majority considered the simplest plan would be to make the pensions a charge on the general revenue, or Consolidated Fund.

THE MACHINERY OF THE ACT.

Having dealt with the main principles of the Act, a few notes may be added as to the details. Registrars and deputy-registrars are to be appointed to administer the Act. Their powers and duties, however, are not stated in the Act, but are to be such as the Governor from time to time determines. Every claimant to a pension must prove his claim before a magistrate in open court. He then will obtain a pension certificate, available for one year. At the end of the year he has to submit a statement of his income and of his property, and thus prove his right to a renewal of his certificate. Pensions are payable monthly at post-offices (with a few exceptions) on the personal application of the pensioner. In cases where pensioners are in receipt of charitable aid, the cost of their maintenance is to be paid out of their pension. As might be expected, there are extensive precautions taken to provide against fraud. Pensions are to be absolutely inalienable, “whether by assignment, charge, execution, bankruptcy, or otherwise, howsoever.” The people of New Zealand have a considerable aversion to creating vested interests, and in order to provide against this it is declared that—

“Every pension granted under this Act shall be deemed to be granted and shall be held subject to the provisions of any amending or repealing Act that may hereinafter be passed, and no pensioner under this Act shall have any claim for compensation or otherwise by

reason of his pension being affected by any such amending or repealing Act."

WILL IT WORK?

Such are the main provisions of one of the most notable Acts that has passed the New Zealand Legislature. The Bill, at all events, received full discussion. In the House of Representatives no fewer than 1,367 speeches were delivered in Committee. It was finally passed by a large majority. To say that those who voted in its favour were enthusiastic in praise of its merits would scarcely be true. The hostility of its opponents, who declared it was an attempt to pauperise the people by an extensive system of outdoor relief, cannot

be denied. Many of those who, in its inception, were carried away by the benevolent idea of a "pension" for the aged, became lukewarm when they discovered that the scheme was but a glorified system of charitable aid. The Act is admittedly experimental, and will certainly require amendment. We have been sailing in an unknown sea, with no chart to guide us. But as an attempt honestly made to solve what has been called the "World's Puzzle"—a practical system of old age pensions—the Act should command the attention of statesmen in countries far distant from the little colony which has been the first to grapple with one of the greatest questions of the day.

W. H. Montgomery.

TO CANADA.

FROM the boundless prairies that wave in the West
To the East where the morning first beams,
The same love for Canada beats in each breast
While the same honoured flag o'er us streams.

Where Columbia's grand winter-capped summits arise
And tower o'er canyoned cascades,
Thy children as dearly their heritage prize
As they of Acadian glades.

From the Ocean of Strength to the Ocean of Peace,
From the Lakes to the Northern Sea—
Through thy length and thy breadth shall devotion
increase :
To Canada loyal are we.

And though "Peace" be our watchword, should menace
provoke,
United we'll stand by the land,
Whose forests have fallen a prey to the stroke
Of the pioneer home-winner's hand.

Our *Home* that once welcomed the Loyalists brave
And found heroes when danger was nigh—
May learn that across every patriot's grave
Another stands ready to die.

Frank Lawson.

THE MAKING OF A RUGBY PLAYER.

THERE are few phases of athletics that offer more interesting study than the inquiry into the why and wherefore of athletic proficiency in any of the many branches of sport. Some games demand great endurance, others agility, and again others possess various mental and physical qualifications, but the popular game of Rugby football, above all, best combines the many good characteristics of the many others. The proficient player in this game must possess a certain amount of physical strength and endurance, quickness, coolness of head, perfect control over mind and body through the thickest of the fight and, above all, pure indomitable British pluck.

In the following quaint sentences a writer of 1602 tritely gives his opinion of Rugby, and it is interesting as being quite applicable to the game of to-day: "The play is verilie both rude and rough, yet such as is not destitute of politics, resembling in some sorts the feats of war. It puts courage into their hearts to meet any enemy in the face." It will thus be readily agreed that the qualifications for excelling in such a sport are many, high and admirable, but such that they cannot be attained to without great diligence and practice, and an inquiry into the metamorphosis of a young Rugby player at such a college as Upper Canada, from this state of excellence and experience until he reaches adult proficiency, as the member of the senior team at some such university as the University of Toronto, is very interesting, as showing what great diligence, practice and training are necessary towards achieving success in this king of sports.

The sole capital which a young fellow of fifteen or sixteen possesses, when he makes his initial bow on the college football stage, is likely to be merely his heritage of youthful strength of muscle and vigor of character. But

whatever physical or other capabilities he may possess, unless he has added thereto a fair share of simple pluck of the "never-say-die" British brand he can never hope to excel, or even achieve a moderate success on the gridiron. This one characteristic, above others, is absolutely essential.

At college, differing thus from the university, there is practically no training. That is to say no professional trainer plays the part of athletic godfather to the players. The captain is the Czar of the college gridiron and fills several positions—that of trainer of his men, teacher of the game and finally the leader of his redoubtable fifteen. As trainer it is his custom, at the beginning of the football season, to address his "men" somewhat after this manner: "Now, you fellows, I want every *man* 'to turn out' at half past three sharp every afternoon except Saturday, and from now until we *beat* Port Hope (Upper Canada's traditional football enemy) there's to be no smoking. Don't eat much pie and cake and 'stuff' like that, but eat plenty of meat. Don't drink too much water (all other liquids, of course, included) and take care to have plenty of sleep."

This is usually sufficient exhortation and advice for the young aspirant to the senior team, who has not yet won his colors. He feels the somewhat doubtful responsibility of being a possible member of the fifteen which will eventually be chosen to uphold the Rugby honour of his college, and that usually proves ample stimulus for every self-denial and all the hard, patient work which is demanded.

The young college Rugby enthusiast, it is true, does not train very scientifically or systematically, but he acquaints himself thoroughly with the rudiments, and later, with the intricacies of the game, works hard and makes up in youthful vigor and pluck what is lacking from careful training.

Again, he hears his chums talk of how Upper Canada College has been beaten but twice in twenty years by such and such a team, and so often by another, and thus it is that he becomes saturated with an hereditary responsibility to assist in taking the football scalps of the sons of the fathers, who were his own father's opponents many years before. I mention this fact because this is the motive, along with the inspiring cheers of encouragement from his comrades on the touch line, which explains the great endurance and pluck that many a young fellow displays on the college football field, and which qualities allow him to excel on the more famous gridirons of the universities.

Usually a college boy's reputation precedes him to the university, and if he promises well there is little chance of him escaping the almost Sherlock Holmes instinct, which a university Rugby team manager possesses in ferreting out new players. These must be obtained each year to fill the vacancies caused by the graduation, or plucking, of some previous members of the senior team, and every man has every opportunity of showing what his Rugby powers or possibilities are, and is given every chance of proving his capability to satisfactorily fill a position on the team.

The old and new men at the University of Toronto, and most universities, are notified that the first practice will be held about the middle of September and then, or a short time later, some twenty or thirty aspirants report themselves to the captain and manager of the senior team. These two chiefs then give orders that every man must turn out every afternoon at four o'clock, work hard and "get into condition" as soon as possible. Every man, moreover, is warned that unless he does so, and also obeys all instructions, his chances of reaching the senior team will be materially affected.

The process of "turning out" merely consists in the player donning his football armour of jersey, padded pants, tightly-fitting vest, heavy stockings, shin pads and well-cleated boots, and

reporting himself on the field at the captain's service.

The process of "getting into condition" may be briefly defined, as the attaining of that maximum of physical power, endurance and energy which will enable one to undergo the greatest amount of physical strain with the minimum of fatigue. With some, chiefly persons of corpulent tendencies, this is arrived at only after a great deal of hard work and the generous submission to vigorous exercise for several weeks. With others, who tend to develop muscle and sinew instead of fat, the process is very short because these men are, as a rule, athletes, and are almost always in fair condition.

As the season advances, however, these two genera of Rugbyites are carefully classified by the trainer, and the former unfortunate is kept at much harder work than his more athletic *confrère*, who, unless great care be taken, will become over trained. This consists in a certain enfeebling of the athlete's nervous energy, so that his muscles refuse to respond to the nervous stimulus with their usual quickness and precision. Thus it is, especially towards the end of the season, that you will often hear a trainer say to a man, "Look here, Smith, you're 'going stale'; you'd better 'lay off' for a day or two; you'll be the better for it." And Smith promptly obeys and takes a good rest.

At the first practice the captain makes the new men acquainted with the old, and begins at once the practicing of the rudiments of the game, and the work of getting everyone into condition. The first ten days are usually spent in having the men kick and catch the ball for awhile each day. Then they are placed in a line across the field, and made to run up and down, passing the ball from one to the other. This teaches them to pass the ball quickly and with precision, and also to receive it in the orthodox manner. Then the men are individually taught how to 'tackle' properly. By tackling is meant the stopping of an opponent having the ball, and it is not only one

of the most important, but one of the most difficult things to be learned.

At the end of about three weeks two opposing fifteen are chosen, and a game is played for about twenty or thirty minutes. This is useful in allowing the old players to familiarize themselves with their old positions and the incomers with their new positions, or circumstances, and it also serves as an opportunity for the captain to select the first twenty men from whom the final fifteen will be chosen.

During the last week before the first scheduled game, these twenty or so men are subjected to more severe training, and are closely watched and cared for by the captain, manager and trainer, who leave nothing undone to have every man in the very best possible condition.

Each night when one of the chosen twenty comes in from the football field, he first takes a warm shower bath and then a cold one. The trainer, or one of his assistants, then places him stripped on a couch, and with the assistance of a strong liniment, thoroughly reaches and rubs every muscle of the young fellow's arms, legs, chest, and abdomen. The "rubber" usually takes some ten minutes for this; then he turns his subject over on his stomach, and proceeds to thoroughly knead and rub the muscles of his back and shoulders for five minutes. This severe rubbing and kneading is one of the essentials of modern Rugby training, and is one of the most effective means of getting men into the best condition. It is astonishing what an invigorating effect this thorough massage produces, and, moreover, it tends to harden the muscles, to make them play over one another more easily, and finally it prevents any binding or stiffening.

When the first game has been fought and won, the captain proceeds to perfect the combination plays of the team, realizing that in unity he will have the greatest strength. At first less complicated plays or tricks are diligently

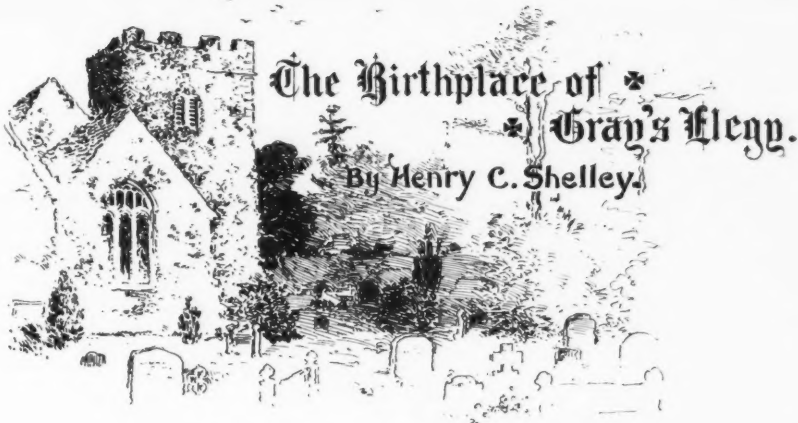
practiced and rehearsed to given signals, usually numbers; and then the team through the next three or four weeks, if they have succeeded in winning, is gradually led up to more and more intricate plays, which are diligently practised every afternoon.

The captain now does not pay so much attention to getting his men into condition, but leaves it to the professional trainer to watch that no man gets over or under trained, the former, as I said before, being the most probable. The captain, for instance, will often hold a lecture instead of a long practice. He will take his "Rugby undergraduates" into a room, and marking each man on a diagram of the field on the blackboard, will deliver a lecture explaining the new combination play. He will then make each man familiar with the signal for it, and the part he is expected to play. Then the following day he will thoroughly practice on the field what has been learned in the "lecture room."

There are two things particularly which are strictly adhered too throughout the season. One is the rubbing process to get the men into good condition, and to keep them there, and the other is this: Every second or third night each man is weighed, and his *avoiropois* recorded. This is one method for determining whether a player is becoming over-trained or not. If he steadily loses weight after an apparent minimum has been reached, it is almost certain that he is beyond his best condition, and a rest is absolutely necessary.

And what, you ask, is the reward which a young man finds for all this hard work and self-denial? Several things. In the first place, the honour of playing on his university team; secondly, the individual glory which that brings him; and, finally, his being brought into that perfect physical condition which makes him experience to the utmost the mere pleasure of living.

George William Ross.



With illustrations from photographs by the author.

GRAY'S *Elegy* is *the* *Elegy* of the English-speaking race. All its most characteristic and striking qualities are native to the sea-girt isle in which that race has had its central home. Many words and phrases in the poem only convey the full power of their emotion to the mind which can interpret them in the light and knowledge of English history and English rural life. The word "curfew" strikes a note mellow with memories of ages long gone by, and attunes the spirit to that pleasant melancholy which is the most profitable mood in which to read the poem. That "Glimmering landscape," too, that weary ploughman, that "drowsy tinkling" of the unseen sheep, that "moping owl" complaining from the church's ivy-mantled tower—all these things are English to the core. It is not difficult to understand why this *Elegy* holds its place of supreme honour among the people to whom it belongs. "It is a poem," writes Mr. Swinburne, "of such high perfection and such universal appeal to the tenderest and noblest depths of human feeling;" "as an elegiac poet," he says, "Gray holds for all ages to come his unassailable and sovereign station."

When the eye of sense falls for the first time upon a scene hitherto beheld only by the eye of imagination there often comes a painful feeling of disen-

chantment, an inevitable dispelling of much of the romance which gathered round the spot while it was still unseen. For the great majority of men the churchyard in which Gray wrote his *Elegy* has its abode in the realm of fancy. How does it suffer by the critical test of coming within range of the seeing eye? It can frankly and happily be said that it suffers surprisingly little. It is true that the painful uniformity and glaring whiteness of the modern marble memorial stones which are becoming too plentiful, jar upon the old-time sentiment with which the pilgrim approaches this shrine; but these unlovely emblems of departed worth and surviving grief are happily removed a little distance from the church, and thus it happens that the older tombs preserve around the immediate vicinity of the building a scene which harmonizes with the verse of Gray, because it can have changed but little since his time. It is just such a scene as most imaginations would have pictured. Each object is easily recognized by the poet's touch of description, and yet no one object is so sharp in outline as to remove it altogether from the sphere of imagination. The only probable exception is the "ivy-mantled tower." The tower itself is in perfect harmony with the *Elegy*, and its thickly clustered ivy still provides a secret bower for the descendants of the poet's

moping owl; but the wooden spire which rises from its battlements seems to strike a note of discord. For the rest, all is as it should be. To the south a line of "rugged elms" stands guard by the churchyard wall, and in the summer sun their shadows mingle with the yew tree's shade, beneath which,

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

If the fates were unkind to Gray in the father they gave him, the balance was generously readjusted in the person of his mother. Philip Gray, the

other eleven children found. Through all the following years she watched with tender solicitude the life of the one child who was the sole harvest of her travail, and when he was sent to Eton, it was at her expense and not that of his father.

To his mother, too, Gray owed his acquaintance with that lovely English county from which he was to gather the sweet pastoral images of his most famous poem. Although when Miss Dorothy Antrobus became the wife of Philip Gray she was keeping a milliner's shop in Cornhill, London, in

partnership with her sister Mary, she still retained an affectionate connection with Buckinghamshire, the county of her birth, one of her sisters being married to a prosperous lawyer who lived at Burnham. In the house of this uncle, Gray spent his vacations from Eton, and thus began his acquaintance with the neighbouring parish of Stoke Poges, and with that churchyard which was to have such a profound influence on



STOKE POGES MANOR HOUSE.

father of the poet, is not to be credited with any share in his famous son's achievements. All that we have to thank him for is a portrait of that son when in his thirteenth year. He was a man of violent temper, extravagant in his habits, wholly wanting in his duty to his family, and so inhuman in his behaviour to his wife that that lady was actually dependent during the whole of her married life upon the labour of her own hands. The darkness of the father's character serves as an excellent foil to throw that of the mother into relief. In a double sense Gray owed his life to her; for when he was still an infant, she, finding the child in a fit, resorted to the desperate remedy of opening one of his veins with a pair of scissors, and so saved him from the early grave which her

verse. Here also he discovered that forest of Arden which, by the name of Burnham Beeches, is now famous among all English-speaking people. "I have," he wrote in a vacation letter to Horace Walpole, "at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices—mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover Cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as much as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable

beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds. At the foot of one of these squats *Me (il pensiero)* and there I grow to the trunk for a whole morning."

Death was the chief cause of Gray's becoming more intimately acquainted with Stoke Poges than had been possible during his Eton vacations. When Philip Gray died, in 1741, Dorothy Gray and her sister Mary doubtless realized that one of the strongest ties which held them to the metropolis had snapped; and when, about a year later, their sister in Buckinghamshire became a widow, the three ladies apparently resolved to end their days together in the county of their birth. Henceforward, that is from October, 1742, Gray had no home in London; but there was always open to him the peaceful haven which his mother and her two sisters had shaped for themselves at Stoke Poges. The house was situated at West End, in the northern part of the parish, where the mansion of Stoke Court now stands. It is described as having been a simple farmhouse of two stories, with a rustic porch before the door; but the only apartments which survive from the old building are the poet's bedroom, the study, and the window above it at which he used to sit. There still exists at Stoke Court, however, a yet more interesting relic of the poet, in the summer-house in which he "used to sit and dream." It is a substantial stone structure, embowered in trees, and commanding from the rising ground on which it stands a far-reaching view of the surrounding country. The outlook is still as calm and remote from the busy stir of life as when Gray described himself as "still at Stoke, hearing, seeing, doing absolutely nothing."

As death was instrumental in deepening Gray's intimacy with Stoke Poges, so also was the king of terrors responsible for creating in him that spirit of melancholy out of which the *Elegy* grew. One of the poet's dear-

est friends at Eton had been Richard West, who was denied any considerable span of life in which to ripen his undoubted genius. While on a visit to Stoke Poges, Gray heard suddenly of the death of this early friend, and the loss tinged all his after life with sadness. The immediate issue of that loss may be traced in the poems written while his sorrow was still heavy upon him. One of these is the sonnet specially dedicated to West's memory:

"In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descant
join;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire;
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain;
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain."

Then there is the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," the whole of which is suffused with that retrospective tenderness which is the dominant mood of the human mind under the influence of death. On the southern horizon seen from Stoke Poges the embattled outline of the royal castle of Windsor and the "antique towers" of Eton are plainly visible; and as Gray gazed upon those familiar objects while still in the throes of his lonely anguish, what was more natural than that his mind should revert to those lost days of his boyhood which he had spent there in the company of West?

"Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
Ah fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring."



STOKE POGES CHURCHYARD.

Verses such as these are sufficient evidence of the sombre mood of Gray's spirit during that sad autumn of 1742 ; his muse was surely ripening towards the full harvest of the *Elegy*. One other event helping towards that fruition was to happen that autumn ; this was the death of that lawyer uncle in whose home the poet had spent so many of his holidays from Eton. Twice, thus within a few short months, the shadow of death fell upon Gray's life ;

and in the gloom of those days "melancholy marked him for her own," and awakened the beginnings of that *Elegy* which was to give the English mind its most comforting channel of expression in any twilight hour. Although begun as the year 1742 waned to its close, the *Elegy* was not destined to be finished for a long time. It may be that Gray, in the new life at Cambridge upon which he now entered, found some relief from the mood in which the poem



THE YEW TREE IN THE CHURCHYARD.

had its birth ; in any case, it was not until death touched him again nearly in the person of one whom he loved that the Elegy was fashioned to its completion. In November, 1749, news reached Gray at Cambridge that his aunt Mary—she who had been partner in the milliner's shop at Cornhill—had died suddenly ; and he at once addressed to his mother the following tender letter :

"The unhappy news I have just received from you equally surprises and afflicts me. I have lost a person I loved very much, and have been used to from my infancy ; but am much more concerned for your loss, the circumstances of which I forbear to dwell upon, as you must be too sensible of them yourself ; and will, I fear, more and more need a consolation that no one can give, except He who had preserved her to you so many years, and, at last, when it was His pleasure, has taken her from us to Himself ; and, perhaps, if we reflect upon what she felt in this life, we may look upon this as an instance of His goodness

both to her and to those that loved her. . . . However you may deplore your own loss, yet think that she is at last easy and happy, and has now more



STOKE COURT.

occasion to pity us than we her. I hope, and beg, you will support yourself with that resignation we owe to Him, who gave us our being for good, and who deprives us of it for the same reason. I would have come to you directly, but you do not say whether you desire I should or not; if you do, I beg I may know it, for there is nothing to hinder me, and I am in very good health."

It does not seem clear whether Gray did go to Stoke Poges at this time; but there is no doubt that the death of his aunt revived the mood in which the *Elegy* was begun, and led to its completion. He finished the poem at Stoke in

as some have done, that the churchyard of the *Elegy* is not that of Stoke Poges. Even apart from that evidence, the testimony of the poem is conclusive on that point. He who visits Stoke Poges with the *Elegy* written clearly on the tablets of memory realizes at once that here is the very scene from which its pictures were drawn; he will feel, as Mr. Edmund Gosse has said, "a cer-



THE POET'S STUDY
AT STOKÉ COURT.

tain sense of confidence in the poet's sincerity." The harmony between the objective sights and the subjective recollections is perfect. The "ivy-mantled tower," the "rugged elms," the "yew tree's shade,"



GRAY'S BEDROOM AT STOKÉ COURT.

June of the following year; and in sending a copy to Horace Walpole he wrote: "Having put an end to a thing whose beginning you have seen long ago, I immediately send it to you. You will, I hope, look upon it in the light of a thing with an end to it; a merit that most of my writings have wanted, and are like to want."

It is puerile, in the face of the overwhelming evidence available, to assert,

the frail memorial "with uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture decked," the "church-way path"—these all assert the truthfulness of the poet's picture, and prove that it was here and nowhere else that he garnered the images of his immortal verse.

In the fulness of time Gray himself was laid to rest in the peaceful graveyard of Stoke Poges; and thus the visitor thither has the added sad pleasure

of pausing by the tomb of the poet whose verse was the main-spring of his pilgrimage. First to be laid in this grave was that aunt whose loss he so deeply deplored; and then, four years later, there followed that tender mother to whom he owed so great a debt of affection.

The inscription on the tomb,

written by Gray, reads thus :

"In the vault beneath are deposited, in hope of a joyful resurrection, the remains of Mary Antrobus. She died unmarried, Nov. 5, 1749, aged 66. In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, here sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her. She died March 11, 1753, aged 67."



THE POET'S SUMMER HOUSE.

Gray himself died in July, 1771; and in his will he left explicit instructions that his body was to be "deposited in the vault made by my late dear mother in the churchyard of Stoke Poges, near Slough in Buckinghamshire, by her remains." Of course this wish was respected; but there is no

inscription on the tomb to show that the poet is buried there. In the wall of the church, however, close by, there is a stone which reads :

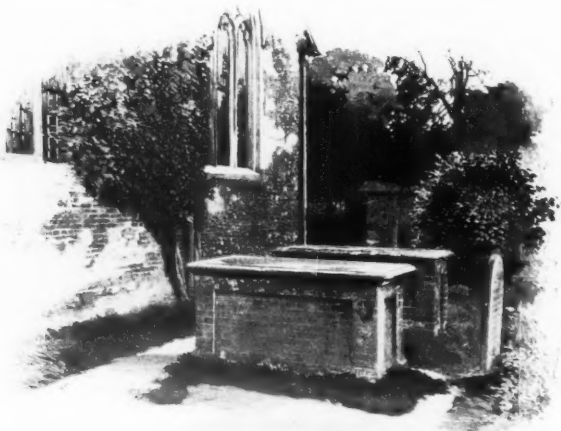
"Opposite to this stone, in the same tomb upon which he has so feelingly recorded his grief at the loss of a beloved parent, are deposited the remains of Thomas Gray, the author of the Elegy written in a Country Churchyard. He was buried August 6th, 1771."



THE MONUMENT TO GRAY IN STOKE POGES PARK.

There is, however, a monument to the poet in the field adjoining the churchyard on the east. This takes the form of a massive cenotaph, and upon the four sides of the pedestal there are various inscriptions. Three of the inscriptions are quotations from the poet's verse; the fourth records that "This Monument, in honour of Thomas Gray, was erected A.D. 1799, among the scenes celebrated by that great Lyric and Elegiac Poet. He died July 31, 1771, and lies unnoted, in the churchyard adjoining, under the tombstone on which he piously and pathetically recorded the interment of his Aunt and lamented Mother." The

copy was seen by Lady Cobham, who was then residing at Stoke Poges Manor House. By and by the lady was surprised to learn that the author was living in the same parish; and she gladly availed herself of the services of two visitors to secure his acquaintance. These visitors, who were ladies, set off one day across the fields to the farmhouse at West End, and, not finding the poet at home, left such a message as made it compulsory on him to return the call. Out of this incident, and descriptive of it, grew Gray's humorous poem entitled "A Long Story," the closing scene of which is laid in the Manor House.



THE POET'S TOMB IN STOKE POGES CHURCHYARD.

cost of this monument and the stone in the church wall was generously borne by Mr. John Penn, a grandson of the William Penn who founded Pennsylvania. At the time of their erection, and indeed for some thirty years before, Stoke Poges manor was in the possession of the Penn family, the estate having been purchased by Thomas Penn, the son of William Penn, in 1760.

One other association of Gray with Stoke Poges has still to be mentioned. Before the *Elegy* was printed Horace Walpole appears to have handed it about in manuscript form; and one

It will be seen, then, how rich is the parish of Stoke Poges in associations with the memory of Gray. From early boyhood to ripe manhood these peaceful fields and lanes often filled his vision and ministered to his pensive spirit the tender balm of nature's sweetest comfort. Here, too, he experienced that love of kindred which was in part denied him in his own home, spending those "quiet autumn days of every year so peacefully in loving and being loved by these three placid old ladies at Stoke, in a warm atmosphere of musk and pot-pourri."

The memory of Gray pervades all

the region almost as much as the memory of Shakespeare pervades Stratford or the memory of Wordsworth pervades Rydal Mount and Grasmere. Whichever way the eye turns in all the country between Windsor and Stoke Poges there is in every place something that suggests chapters in Gray's life or famous and beloved lines from his poems; and the landscape in which so much of his life was set and with which so many of his works are associated, is one whose whole tone and character seem peculiarly in harmony with his own genius.

But it is in the quiet churchyard that the memory of the poet lives in its greatest intensity. So long as the pathos of lowly life appeals to the heart, so long as there is a soul not wholly lost to the charm of peaceful days spent in the "cool sequestered vale of life," so long as the tender images of fading day and unavailing reminders of the dead have power to move the spirit,—so long will this God's Acre keep green the memory of that poet whose verse abounds with "sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo."

AT THE PLAY.

JUST above the boxes, and where the high lights fall,
Looketh down a carven face from out the gilded wall.

Van Dyck beard and broidered ruff silently confess
That he lived—and loved, perchance—in days of good
Queen Bess.

(Laces fine and linen sheer, curled and perfumed hair
Graced those olden gentlemen, of gay, insouciant air.)

See! he gazeth evermore at the stage below—
Noteth well the players as they quickly come and go.
Queens and kings, and maidens fair, motley fools and
friars,
Lords and ladies, stately dames, mounted knights and
squires.

Well he knoweth all of them, all the grave and gay—
These are they he dreamt of in the far, far away.
Saints and sinners, see, they come down the bygone years,
And the world still shares with them its laughter and its
tears.

Still we haunt the greenwood for love of Rosalind;
Still we hear the jester's bells ajingle on the wind.
Still the frenzied Moor we fear, ah! and even yet
Breathless wait before the tomb of all the Capulet.

Though the old earth groweth grey, yet on land and sea
Follow we the Danish Prince in sad soliloquy;
And I fancy sometimes, when the bright moon saileth high,
Yet in Venice meet the Jew, as he goeth by.

Just above the boxes, and where the high lights fall,
Looketh down a carven face from out the gilded wall.

Virna Sheard.

THE LARGEST SICK CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL IN THE WORLD.

IN stately homes and in humble dwellings one may hear expressed the heartfelt thanks of parents when mention is made of the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, founded for the purpose of caring for sick, destitute and friendless children, little ones who, through misfortune, disease and poverty, could not help themselves. The work of this institution has broadened each year. At every annual meeting of the trustees some new, costly and modern medical and surgical equipment is reported as having been purchased. Every year the trustees wonder where the money is going to come from to pay the hospital expenses, yet every year the bills are paid. Warm is the interest and deep are the feelings of sympathy for a work such as this. Money comes to the workers from all parts of Canada when the want is made known. Last year as much as \$20,000 was forward-

ed from many sources during the Christmas season.

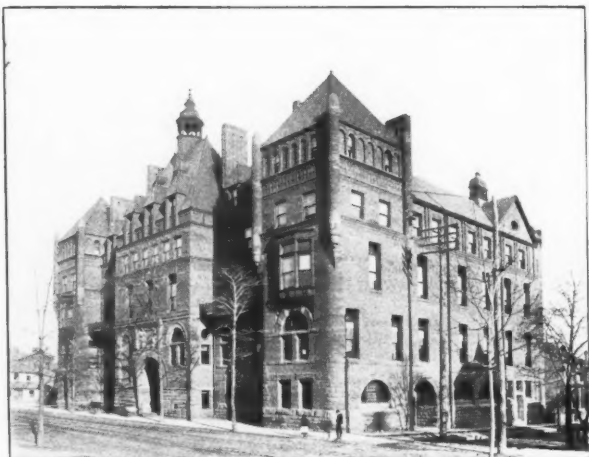
In 1874 the first contribution towards a children's hospital was made. It consisted of a few English coins. The project was noticed in the press, and from the town of Fergus, Ont., another donation of \$20 was forwarded. Early in the following year the new hospital was opened in a dwelling rented for the purpose, and in it were placed six little cots.

From its inception the work made rapid progress. Depending altogether on voluntary subscription for its support its founders did not hesitate for a moment. The need for an institution had been pointed out. The highest medical authorities agreed that a special hospital should be equipped for the proper care of children only.

At first the patients were children from the homes of the poor, little sufferers who had never known what ease

and comfort was, little ones who were brought up in the dark shadows of poverty. As the hospital gained in experience it gained in reputation, and now it is looked upon as the best place for the sick children of all classes, a place within whose walls every little sufferer will have the advantage of a bright home, skilful treatment and careful nursing.

Since its foundation the Hospital for the Sick Children has had in its beds 7,000 sick



HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, TORONTO.

This has beds for 200 patients, with a Staff of 40 nurses and domestics. The Building and equipment cost \$217,025.

children, and in its outdoor department has cared for 23,500 sick little ones.

It may be safely stated that 70 per cent. of the patients are cured, while 25 per cent. are improved by the Hospital's care and attendance.

The patients come from all parts of the province of Ontario, while the majority are received from Toronto. The number of patients from outside places is rapidly increasing.

The Hospital

has beds for 200 patients, with a staff of 40 nurses and domestics.

It has been said by those who are competent judges that there is no better equipped hospital in any city in the world. Certainly it is the largest sick children's hospital in the world.

The Lakeside Home for Little Children at Point Park, Toronto Island, is the largest children's sanitarium. It will bed 140 patients. Here, from June till October each summer, all the children who can be moved from the mother Hospital are cared for. It is a grand place for convalescent patients, the little ones reviving and rapidly regaining their strength from the ministering breezes of the broad lake.

This mother Hospital has nursed and cared for 30,500 sick children during the past 23 years, and half of this number has been nursed during the last four years.

The expense incurred each year is very large, over \$30,000, or \$2,500 a month. It costs 85 cents a day for each patient. Some of the little ones suffering from spinal troubles and deformities are often kept in the Hospital



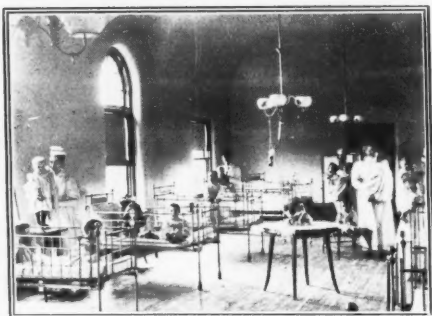
THE LAKESIDE HOME ON TORONTO ISLAND.

Here from June until October, all the children who can be moved from the Mother Hospital are cared for.

for one or two years before a complete cure is effected.

Every sick child whose parents cannot afford to pay is taken into this Hospital, provided the cases are acute and such as can be cured or relieved. For parents who can afford to pay, a rate of \$2.80 a week is made for the public wards, \$7.50 for the semi-private wards and \$12 per week for a private ward. But very small in proportion to the total cost of maintenance is the amount received from pay patients, only \$1,200 being received last year as against an expenditure of \$39,311.

While the hospital is in such a peculiar position that its friends must be ever on the alert to provide means for its maintenance, still it is in a fairly good financial position. The buildings and equipment cost \$217,025, and against this there was at the beginning of the fiscal year a mortgage of \$5,000 and a bank overdraft of \$4,315. At the Christmas season a special appeal was made to the public to clear off half the mortgage indebtedness, \$25,000. At the time of writing \$17,000 of this sum had been subscribed



THE BABY WARD.

and paid. The Trustees hope to receive the balance before the mortgage falls due. The prompt manner in which the people of Ontario respond to the appeals of the Hospital for Sick Children is considered wonderful. In 1895 some \$6,000 was subscribed at Christmas time. In 1896 that amount was doubled, \$12,000 being paid off the debt. In 1897 a bank overdraft of \$20,000 was cleared off in two months when the Chairman of the Hospital Trust made public the fact that such a heavy overdraft had been incurred during the year in nursing 5,000 sick children. The donations come in sums of \$1 and upwards. The scene in the Toronto *Telegram* office, the headquarters of this public appeal, on

Christmas Eve, is an inspiring one. Those who undertake the work of planning and launching the appeal feel amply repaid by the steady stream of donors who bring their offerings to the newspaper office with kindly words of encouragement and expressed appreciation of the work.

It costs \$2,000 to maintain a cot for all time in the Hospital, while \$500 will endow a cot at the Lakeside Home. Seventeen cots have been endowed by bequests and donations. During the last two years the children of the Toronto Public Schools provided a cot endowment fund with their pennies. The scholars of the schools outside the city also responded to an appeal and subscribed enough to maintain a cot forever. Besides the endowed cots there are 38 cots maintained by private donors and Sabbath Schools. The amount required to maintain a cot is \$100, and the donor usually names the cot; this name is inscribed on a tablet at the head of the cot.

The Hospital is governed by five trustees:—J. Ross Robertson, M.P., (Chairman), Hon. Senator George A. Cox, E. B. Osler, M.P., Samuel Rogers, A. S. Irving.

Miss Maria Buchan is the Hon.



THE GIRLS' WARD.

Treasurer of the Hospital, Miss Louise C. Brent is the Superintendent, and John H. Gordon is the Secretary.

A ladies' committee with twenty-two members takes an active interest in the work of the Hospital.

There are forty physicians and surgeons on the consulting and active medical staff, while within the Hospital there are always three resident surgeons.

The skill with which the work of the Hospital is carried on is best shown by the medical reports. The percentage of deaths to the total number of patients last year was but 3.79. Some 415 surgical operations were performed successfully. Of the 688 indoor patients treated during the year 374 were cured, 149 improved, 43 were unimproved, 24 died, and 98 were still undergoing treatment at the end of the Hospital year.

A great deal of success has attended the work of the skilful surgeons who have charge of the Orthopædic Department. The treatment of deformed feet is now one of the most important branches of the Hospital work. Many complete cures have been effected. The little patients come from all parts of the Province. One can gladly comprehend how gladly the parents of these little unfortunates receive the news of their cure.

An little incident illustrating the manner in which some of the patients are gathered may be mentioned. Mr. J. Ross Robertson, a gentleman who has taken a deep interest in the work and without whose financial help the Hospital might long since have stranded on the mortgage rocks, was journeying along the country road near Brockville not long



ONTARIO NEWSPAPER MEN'S COT.



ONTARIO PUBLIC SCHOOL CHILDREN'S COT.



THE OPERATING ROOM.



THE BOYS' WARD.

ago. He was accompanied by a friend. As they neared a little red school-house by the roadside, the children were being dismissed for the day. They were running and shouting as only boys can shout. One little fellow was lagging behind. His legs were twisted and crooked, and he walked with the aid of crutches. He had never known what it was to romp and play, for he had been a cripple from birth. Mr. Robertson asked his companion to pull up a bit, and alighting, he talked to the little fellow and very soon was in possession of the story of a sad boyhood. "Jump in with me," he said, "and I will drive you home in a few minutes. Wouldn't you like to run a foot-race with the other boys?" They took the little chap to his home. Mr. Robertson told the father and

mother of the work of the Hospital and said he believed that their child's limbs could be straightened and strengthened. For over a year that boy was in the Hospital, and when he was discharged and arrived home he could romp and play or ride a bicycle just as well as any other boy. His legs were straight and strong. To this day the parents of that little boy bless the day when there drove along that roadway that earnest man who puts his whole heart and soul into the work of caring for the helpless children of a Province.

There are always over 100 patients in the cots. Application for admission is first made to the Secretary in writing.

The illustrations shown here are from photographs specially prepared at the Hospital for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Alfred Wood.



SOME ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

Third Paper.

MRS. FISKE.

A WOMAN who will defy a powerful syndicate with millions behind it must needs have an indomitable will hidden somewhere and be possessed of a most forceful personality. Such a woman is Mrs. Fiske. For reasons of her own she has elected to defy the theatrical syndicate, and to appear only in houses that are either not controlled by or openly opposed to this modern and splendidly organized institution. Therefore Mrs. Fiske, upon the occasion of her appearance in the capital of Ontario for the week beginning February 13th, will be seen at the Toronto Opera House. Mrs. Fiske is again carrying everything before her, and has won a permanent place as one of the most successful, as she is undoubtedly one of the most famous, of American stars. The work of the great actress recently in several new plays has given the public a further revelation of a genius that was everywhere recognized in her "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." To a range of parts, everyone of which is distinct and novel, Mrs. Fiske has brought new individualities, until there seems to be no limit to her possibilities for artistic surprise. Canadians have not seen Mrs. Fiske since her pre-eminence as an actress has been won by her matchless portraiture of the strange heroine of Hardy's remarkable novel. Although tragic, that drama seems to possess the quali-

ties that will make it one of the future stage classics. Like the book upon which it is founded, the play contains a strong human appeal, and even in a greater degree than the novel it attracts in the theatre, because of the great contrast in character that it sets before the eye in living figures. Some of the foremost critics declared when Mrs. Fiske's impersonation of this rôle in New York brought the metropolis to her feet that this artiste refines Tess



PHOTOGRAPH BY DANA.

MRS. FISKE.

In "Love Finds the Way."

to the understanding and makes her more womanly and sympathetic than did her gifted creator. But this may be the result of the genius which in a great player can make plain certain phases of a character that on the printed page are rendered indistinct to all but the most acute intelligences.

Having once seen and heard Mrs. Fiske, whose marvellous mentality shines through all her work, it is impossible ever to forget the irresistible magnetism of her personality, or the charm and music of her wonderful voice. While Mrs. Fiske will no doubt go on revealing new



MRS FISKE.

As "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."



HERBERT FORTIER.

As Le Beau in "As You Like It."

elements of histrionic greatness as new rôles come to her, it is safe to say that Tess will always continue to be a commanding figure in her repertoire, because after her no one else seems to be possible in the part, and also because this character is one of the strongest in modern fiction and her realization of it, in the lighter scenes requiring finesse and delicacy, as well as in those of intense and despairing passion, is so complete, so masterful, so brilliant.

Her acting, more than her

mere personal charm, is what makes Mrs. Fiske popular. Her personality is a very strong one and it is always in evidence both on the stage and off.

HERBERT FORTIER.

One of the most excellent characterizations is Mr. Fortier's Le Beau, in Miss Julia Arthur's production of "As You Like It," in which this greatest Canadian is achieving the most gratifying success as a winsome and fascinating Rosalind, where her fathomless eyes and potent magnetism, which make her great in tragedy, lend a subtle aid to her gifts as a comédienne.

Mr. Herbert Fortier is well known to Canadian playgoers, and his career

was recorded in detail in *Massey's Magazine*, before that monthly was incorporated with THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. His artistic advancement since that time has been steady and notable, due perhaps, in some part at least, to the studious care that marks all his endeavours from the dressing of his wig to the enunciation of his lines. Of his performance of the effeminate fop in Shakespeare's charming woodland comedy, the *Dramatic Mirror* of New York, said: "Herbert Fortier as Le Beau gave one of the best performances of the evening. Every word and gesture gave evidence of the finished actor behind the masque."

W. J. Thorold.

A TRANSACTION IN BEEF.

An Incident in the Rebellion of 1885.

"NICE state of things," snorted the quartermaster. "A whole battalion ten days from the next supplies and not a pound of meat in the bloom-in' camp. No wonder the men grouse. Chase redskins the summer long on hardtack and corned beef, and as if that wasn't bad enough, wind up in the fall on half rations of sticky flour and swamp water. The beggarly hostiles have run off every foot of stock in the country, I expect; if we could only rustle a few cows we'd last till the supply train reaches us, but as it is, there don't seem to be any trail out."

Mr. York pricked up his ears. Mr. York was an enterprising young man of considerable executive ability, in one of his recurrent streaks of hard luck.

"Let me turn in my yoke of steers to you, Beech," he said suddenly to the quartermaster. "I need cash, and I saw one of 'em chasing around here the other day; the other can't be far off. They'll make elegant eating."

"Now, you're a personal godsend!" exclaimed the quartermaster. "Did you mention steers? Trot 'em around;

trot 'em around. If I can reach your figure I'll buy 'em, quick."

Now, Mr. Richard York had never owned a hoof of horned stock in his life, but he was not a man to slight a business opportunity when it brushed up against him. Therefore, he mounted a troop horse and galloped away into the distance among the poplar bluffs that spotted the prairie.

Knee-deep in grass along the edge of a slough he came upon two well-bellied steers.

"Yee-ip hi! Satan, Pedro or whatever your names are!" he sang. "No, I know you think there's a mistake, but there ain't. You've blew into new hands. Git!"

He wound the heavy stock whip in his hand about his head, and as he brought it suddenly down the popper flew out under the end of the stiffening lash with a bang that sounded like the report of a pistol. The steers dashed off and he raced after them, churring to the low rhythm of hoofs beating lightly over the spongy soil. At four o'clock in the afternoon he was



"Let me turn in my yoke of steers to you, Beech."

back at Fort Ste. Anne. The quartermaster came out and looked Pedro and Satan over critically.

"Nice pair of steers," he commented. "Fat, too. Ever been worked?"

"Nope. Nothin' to hurt," replied Mr. York. "Only broke last fall. Bust ten acres with 'em."

"They're good beef," remarked the quartermaster. "I guess they'd do. What d' y'u reckon they're worth?"

"I do just hate to part with them steers," said Mr. York with an air of deep seriousness. "You see, when a fellar's raised a pair o' beautes like that—weaned 'em by hand, as you might say—he gets kind of stuck on 'em. I did calculate to do a heap o' breakin' with 'em this fall. However, as I said, I need money and I hope I'm good citizen enough, anyhow, not to let a

little personal feelin' stand in the way when I've a chance to help the Government out. You can take them steers for four hundred dollars."

"Say, come off, there," said the quartermaster, frowning. "You don't suppose I'll stand for any such hold-up as that?"

"It's a perfectly legitimate transaction," maintained Mr. York. "What's the odds, anyhow, Beech?" he went on, dropping pretence. "It charges you nothing, and I guess the Government can stand it."

"Yes, I expect it could, if it had to," said the quartermaster. "And we do want the beef. I'll tell you what; I'm willing to break even with you. I'll give you three hundred and fifty."

"And I won't squeal over the difference," responded Mr. York promptly, "especially where there's a question of duty to my country involved. You can have the steers."

"Well, run 'em into the corral and I'll make out a voucher," said the quartermaster, and he turned away in the direction of the office.

Something seemed just then to strike Mr. York, for he stood for a moment with half-closed eyes, blinking indecisively after the retreating quartermaster.

"O, I say, Beech," he bawled suddenly. "About that voucher; make it in the name of Fraunswah Moraw—F-r-a-n-c-o-i-s M-o-r-i-n. Frenchman; got an interest in the steers. I'll send the voucher and let him cash it."



"The steers started off and he raced after them."

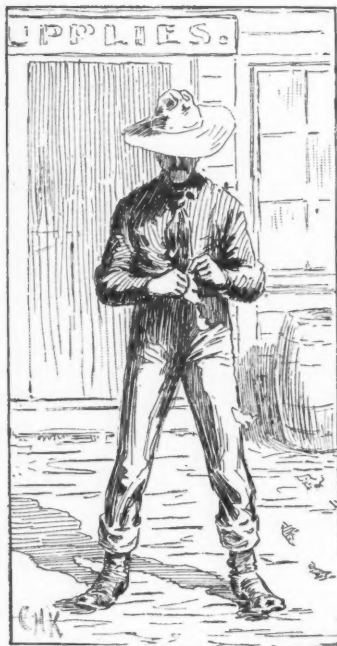
The Sun Coulee settlement's inventory of Mr. York's effects, he had recollected, did not include cattle; and Mr. York was not in the insurance business, taking out gratuitous risks upon himself.

A week later, all that remained of Satan and Pedro was the hoofs, horns and tails; and Mr. Richard York one

day called on Francois Morin at his homestead in the Sun Coulee settlement, ninety miles from Fort Ste. Anne, with a proposition of one hundred dollars for the use of his name.

"W'at for you want him, Meestar York?" inquired the Frenchman.

"Why, you own cattle, don't you? A yoke? Well, that's enough. Eh? Killed by the Injuns, were they? O, that's all right! You see, I don't own a hoof, and I want to sell some. I've



"He slowly tore the voucher into bits."

got a pair o' steers, strays, and I'm goin' to realize on 'em. My name on the voucher won't do, so I want to use yours. It's a clean hundred in your pocket for nothing, and nobody'll suspect you."

The Frenchman grinned shrewdly. "Ba Jo, Meestar York; you ver' smart man. Sacre! you' great man for mak' de bargain. Mais, de price, she's not so big enough."

"Why, how much do you want, you grasping frog-eater?" said Dick.

"Da's me tak' all de reesk, Meestar York. You mus' pay me one hondred-sixty dollar," replied the mercenary Morin.

"Celestial Cræsus! Why don't you ask for the whole stack?"

"An' 'ow mush is dat, Meestar York, dewhole stack?" asked the Frenchman.

"Three hundred and fifty dollars," replied Dick, truthfully but reluctantly.

"Den I shall knock out ten dollar, Meestar York."

"See here, Frenchy, I'll give you a hundred and twenty; not another damned sou. If you don't like to take that, I'll find somebody else."

This amount was finally agreed upon. The next day at noon they met by appointment at McGregor's store in Sun Coulee, to cash the voucher.

"This is all right," said McGregor. "Get the Frenchman to sign the receipt on the back and I'll pay it. Usual discount, of course," he added.

Morin seemed to be in no hurry to sign. He beckoned York to the door.

"Meestar York," he said, "I 'ave been t'ink 'bout dat t'ing an' I not ver' mush lak to put ma nam' in dat paper. I been talk wit' ma Caroline las' night, an' she's say: 'Francois Morin, you one great big small fool! You want pour mak' de claim on de Gouvernement pour t'ree honder dollar pour dat yoke de oxens w'at's b'long to you w'at de Anjen 'ave keell. Bien, you tak' one honder-twenty dollar pour dat oxens not b'long to you. W'at you t'ink de Gouvernement says to you? She's say: 'Francois Morin, you 'ave receive t'ree honder-fifty dollar pour one yoke oxens sol' to de troop. Francois Morin, you 'ave

nevair more as one yoke oxens. Now, you mak' de nodder claim pour t'ree honder dollar pour one yoke oxens you say keell by de Anjen. Francois Morin, you 'ave try pour cheat de Gouvernement. Francois Morin, de Gouvernement sentenc' you to t'ree honder year on de jail pour dat t'ree honder dollar w'at you 'ave try pour cheat her—an' may God 'ave de compassion on your soul!'"

"Torieu! W'en ma Caroline 'ave stop to spik, I'll be sit straight up on de bed. I can wash ma face on de sweat's been comin' dere, an' ma hair she's stick lik' pin on ma haid!"

Mr. York was calmly twisting the end of a cigar between his teeth.

"Well, what are you going to do about it, Frenchy?" he asked.

"Sacre! I sign de paper an' tak' t'ree honder dollar now, an' I'm not mak' some claim bimeby again on de Gouvernement for ma oxens."

Mr. York turned lazily and called

back into the shop: "Mac; the Frenchman has concluded that he don't care about paying discount on that voucher, so we won't be requiring any money just now. . . . Go home and make out your claim regular, Frenchy. And take good care of Caroline. She's worth saving."

Then he slowly tore the voucher into bits, and as the blue particles fluttered

away upon the afternoon breeze, Mr. Richard York observed with a grim smile:

"There go the tatters of another promising speculation. Fifty dollars? It wasn't worth while. I named them steers wrong. Satan and Pedro was too tough a combination to handle. I will be patriotic for onced and make the Government a gift of 'em."

Bleasdel Cameron.

WINTER IN THE WEST.

I.—THE STORM.

ACROSS the sky the Northern Lights,
 Illume the whited waste below;
 Bright shifting shades on the blue heights
 That shadow the translucent snow
 With yellow gleams that softly glow.

The shrieking wind comes down the plain
 Like armed hosts, and sleet-sword smiting;
 Repulsed and yet repulsed again
 The Settler braves the foe, and fighting
 Step by step meets the ice-bullets' stinging biting!

Ho for the ruddy cheeks, blood-red!
 Ho for the stout will, strong, unbending!
 Ho for the Pioneer who led
 Life's battle, and unyielding, ending
 The fight time-scarred, his hearth defending!

II.—THE CHINOOK.

Softly the wind croons a love lullaby:
 Sweetly smiles Nature, late so fiercely wild;
 Brightly the sunshine rifts the clouds on high,
 A truant bird sings on the bough, beguiled
 By Day, sweet, petulant as some too favoured child.

Mary Markwell

Regina.

A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A Romance in Twelve Chapters.

BY JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND", "JUDITH MOORE", ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day dawned with pale rain bleached skies and fresh sweet odours of reanimated vegetation, but it dawned heavily for Sidney Martin. During the drive home from the church the evening before they had all been somewhat silent.

"Are you studyin' for the ministry?" old Mr. Lansing had asked.

"No—oh no," said Sidney, flushing unseen in the dark.

"It seems like you had a call," said old Lansing, wishing he had not said quite so positively at the church that his visitor was qualifying for the service of God, and certainly from Mr. Lansing's point of view he was justified in his assertion.

Young men in delicate health who could pray as Sidney Martin had prayed seemed to be the real ministerial material.

"Wouldn't you like to be the minister?" asked Vashti.

People in Dole usually employed the definite article in referring to men of the cloth. To the Dole mind it smacked of irreverence to say "a" minister, as if there were herds of them as there is of common clay.

There was a soupçon of surprise in Vashti's tones. How quickly the acid of deception permeates the fabric of thought!

"I have no call to the ministry," answered Sidney—employing the slang of the cult glibly to please the woman whom he loved.

"But if you felt you were called you would let nothing stand in your way—would you?"

"No," said Sidney, glad of an opportunity to say an honest word frankly. "No."

There was little else said. When they came to the cross-road Mr. Lansing halted and Nathan Peck got out of the waggon to walk down the Brixton road the quarter of a mile to where he lived with his mother.

He stood a lank ungraceful shape in the gloom.

"Here Nat," said Temperance, "take my umberell."

"Not by a jugful," he said; "Why Temprins! you'd be soaked clean through."

"Temperance can come under my umbrella," said Mabella divining the pleasure it would give Temperance to yield up her's to Nathan.

"I've got my muffer on," said Nathan stoutly.

"Here!" said Temperance, a trifle imperatively. "Good-night, Nat."

The bays pulling at the reins started forward and Nat was left with the umbrella. "Would you care to offer a few words of thanks for the vouchsafed blessing?" asked Mr. Lansing, with a laudable desire to make his saintly guest comfortable.

"Blessing!" echoed Temperance irascibly. "He's had enough of blessings this night, I'm thinkin'; it's bone-set tea he needs now."

"Woman!" said Mr. Lansing. Vashti looked her cold displeasure. The word and the look did not disturb Temperance.

"Lend a hand, M'bella," said she; "we'll go and get them herbs."

"Oh—thank you, Miss Tribbey," said Sidney feeling strangely comforted by this motherly old maid's attentions. "But—"

Temperance cut him short, looking at him with grim kindness and heeding his protest not at all.

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"Your face is as pale as buttermilk," she began. "Now what you'll do is to go upstairs and go to bed. Mind shut your window down, for rain after a drought is terrible penetratin'. When this boneset tea has drawn Mr. Lansing 'ill bring it up to you."

Mabella was bustling about getting a lamp to go to the garret for the herbs.

"You are very good," Sidney said to her as one might praise a willing child.

"Light heart makes light foot," said Temperance oracularly. Mabella smiled brightly and blushed.

Vashti standing with the dark folds of her cloak slipping down about her superb figure, noted the blush, and connecting it with the eagerness of Mabella's aid to Temperance concluded that Mabella was casting eyes upon Sidney. Vashti's eyes grew deep and sombre. A pale smile curled her sculptural lips; such a smile as Mona Lisa wears in her portraits.

Mabella's coquetries against her power! Bah; a sneer flickered across her countenance, erasing expression from it as acid cleans metal of stain. But she was shaken with silent rage at the mere idea. She let her white lids fall over her full eyes for a moment; then crossed to where Sidney stood. She always seemed to move slowly, because of her long gliding paces, which in reality bore her swiftly forward. She looked into his eyes. "I am so sorry," she said—her voice, always beautiful, seemed to his greedy ears more than exquisite now—

"I am so sorry you are not well. You will go up stairs, won't you, and take what Temperance sends you? You are not suffering?"

Her wonderful eyes seemed wells of womanly concern for him. They searched his as if eager to be assured that there was no other ill troubling him than was apparent. A happy tremor thrilled his heart.

"I shall be quite well, I hope, in the morning," he said. "I have bad headaches sometimes. This is the beginning of one I suppose."

He shivered with cold.

"Ah!" she said, "you must go away at once. I'm afraid you feel worse than you will admit. If it was only your head I might help to cure it; but really you had better go—" she looked at him—was it compellingly or pleadingly? "Go," she half whispered, with obvious entreaty in her eyes; then she veiled it with a smile of mock deprecation, as if—his heart stood still with delight—as if she was loath to see him go—yet for *his* sake wished it. Temperance and Mabella having been to the garret where the herbs were hung to dry, re-entered the kitchen in time to hear Vashti's good-night words.

"It's a deal easier," said Temperance, in the course of a circumstantial account of the occurrence later on. "It's a deal easier to say 'Go' with a dying-duck expression, turning up the whites of your eyes, than to go yourself up them stairs and that pesky ladder to the garret for yarbs."

Fortunately Sidney never knew of Temperance's profane criticisms upon his goddess.

"Yes—I will go," he said to Vashti. He spoke vaguely, as of one hardly awake to the realities about him; and indeed he was stunned by the glory that suddenly had shone in upon him when her feigned solicitude made his heart leap.

"You are very good," he said.

"Ah, no—" said Vashti simply, but her eyes were eloquent. Girlish coquetries became subtle sorceries as she employed them.

The boneset tea had been duly despatched, but morning found him racked by an intolerable headache, that acme of nervous pain of which only supra-sensitive folk know. He half staggered as he sought the porch.

Temperance came to him presently.

"How do you feel this mornin'?" she asked.

He looked at her, his blood-shot eyes dizzy with pain.

"I'm not overly well," he said.

"My head"—

"I'll bring your breakfast here," said Temperance and departed. He sat down upon the porch step and lean-

ed against the pillar, the same against which Vashti had stood that night in the afterglow. The thought was pleasant, but it was better to open his eyes and see standing before him, strong and calm, the Queen of his dreams.

"Don't rise," she said. "Is it your head?"

"Yes," he said, half closing his eyes again, for her form seemed to be reeling across his vision. "Yes."

"What do you do for these headaches?" asked Vashti.

"Oh, bromides and endurance," he said.

"Well—wait till you breakfast and I'll try if I can cure it," said Vashti. "Here is Temperance coming."

Temperance and her tray arrived at the moment. Temperance put it down on the step and went down the sandy garden paths whilst he ate, pulling up a weed there, straightening a flower here. Mabella came out to the porch, or rather came and stood in the wide doorway a moment. Mabella had on her pink dress—at that time in the morning! Vashti's eyes grew sombre for an instant; she liked battle, but not presumption, and surely if, from whatever motive, she chose to smile upon Sidney, it was not for Mabella to oppose herself and her charms to *her* will.

Temperance came back for the tray, which she found untouched, save for the tea which Sidney had drunk so eagerly.

"Where is Mr. Lansing?" asked Sidney, as Temperance stood holding the tray under one arm with its edge resting upon her hip. "He will think I am very lazy."

"He's gone over to Brixton to find out when the body will arrive," said Temperance.

Poor Len! In life he had been "that Len Simpson," and not one of his neighbours would have crossed the threshold to greet him, unless prompted by that curiosity which leads us to pry into other's misdeeds. Now he was a body, and more than one of the Dole people had left early like Mr. Lansing upon the odd chance of meeting his corpse at Brixton.

Ah, poor, inconsistent humanity which fills dead hands with flowers and denies eager palms one rose, and doubtless these things must be. Yet we can imagine that a higher race than we might well make mock of our too severe judgments—our uncomprehending judgments and our tardy tender-nesses.

"You will make your passes for Mr. Martin, won't you Vashti?" said Mabella, "and Temperance and I will see that you are left quiet. Vashti is a witch, you know," she continued to Sidney; "she will steal your headache with the tips of her fingers."

Temperance snorted and entered the house without more ado.

Mabella nodded and smiled and followed her,

"I can't abear them passes and performances," said Temperance to Mabella. "It gives me the shivers. Vashti commenced on me onct when I had neuralgia and I was asettin' there thinkin' when I got better I'd make some new pillars out of the geese feathers, and all at onct Vashti's eyes began to grow bigger and bigger—just like a cat's. They're cat green Vashti's eyes is, call 'em what you like—and her hands apassin' over my forrit was just like cat's paws, afeelin' and afeelin' before it digs its claws in. My! I expected every minnit to feel 'em in my brains, and with it all I was that sleepy. No, for me I'll stick to camfire and sich."

"Who's a silly, Temperance?" demanded Mabella.

"You ain't bridle wise yet," said Temperance, using her accustomed formula of rebuke. And Mabella laughed aloud in defiance of reproof. The girl's heart sang in her breast, for when Lanty helped her into her water-proof the night before he had whispered—

"At seven to-morrow night in Mulein meadow."

She had smiled consent.

Would this long day never pass?

Vashti and Sidney were thus left solitary upon the shaded porch.

"Can you really cure headaches?" he said.

"We will see," she answered. "But I think you had better sit in that chair." He sat down in the rocking-chair she indicated. It was very low. As she knelt upon the top step before it her head was on a level with his. How beautiful she was, he thought. How divine the strong white column of her throat, exposed down to the little hollow which the French call Love's bed, creased softly by the rings of Venus' necklace.

"I wouldn't think much if I were you," she said, "or at least, not of many things."

"I will think of you," he said, feeling venturesome as an indulged child.

"Ah," she said; "your cure will be quick," and then bending gracefully forward she began making simple strokes across his forehead, letting her finger-tips touch lightly together between his eyebrows, and drawing them softly, as if with a persuasive sweep, to either side. There was much magnetism in that splendid frame of hers, and much potency in her will, and much subtle suggestion in those caressing finger-tips.

"Close your eyes if the light wearies them," she said softly, as if with a persuasive sweep, to either side. There was much magnetism in that splendid frame of hers, and much potency in her will, and much subtle suggestion in those caressing finger-tips.

"Close your eyes if the light wearies them," she said softly, but he strove to keep them open to catch glimpses of her regal face, between the passages of the hands, so calm in the tenseness of its expression. After a little while his eyelids began to weigh heavily upon his eyes.

The grey—or was it green?—orbs watching him flashed between the moving fingers like the sun through bars of ivory. He still watched their gleam intently; seen fitfully thus their radiance grew brighter, brighter, till it blasted vision.

"Close your eyes," he heard a voice say, as from far, far away.

"You will be tired," he muttered, stirring, but his eyes closed. His head

fell back against the back of the chair, and strong Vashti Lansing sank back also, pale and trembling.

"Oh!" she said, speaking numbly to herself—"Oh! how long it was. I thought he would never sleep—I," she paused and looked at the sleeping man with pale wrath upon her face; "to think he should have resisted so—I"—she leaned back, worn out, it seemed, and regarded Sidney with venomous, half-closed eyes, and he slept, and sleeping, smiled—for his last thoughts had been of her.

The time which had seemed so long to Vashti had passed like the dream of a moment to him—a dream in which her form had filled the stage of his mind, yet not so completely as to exclude some struggles of the entrapped intelligence against the narcotic of her waving hands. The trained mind by mere mechanical instinct had striven against the encroaching numbness, but Sidney's volition had been consciously passive, and the intelligence left to struggle alone was tangled in the web of dreams. Vashti sat listlessly upon the step for some time—like a sleek, beautiful cat watching a mouse. Then she rose and went within doors to perform her share of the household duties very languidly.

The three women dined alone at twelve o'clock, for Mr. Lansing had not returned, and Sidney still slept. After dinner Vashti disappeared, going to her room and throwing herself heavily upon her old-fashioned couch; she also slept.

Active Temperance fell to her patchwork so soon as her dinner dishes were done, sitting, a comfortable, homely figure, in her calico dress and white apron. Now pursing her lips as she pleated in the seams firmly between her finger and thumb; now relaxing into grim smiles at her thoughts, but always doing with all her might the task in hand.

Mabella essayed her crochet, tried to read, rearranged her hair till her arms ached from holding them up, and found with all these employments the afternoon insupportably long.

About three o'clock in the afternoon Vashti, cool and calm, descended the stairs and went out upon the porch. As she crossed the threshold, Sidney, lying still as she had left him hours before in the low chair, opened his eyes and looked up into her face. She returned the look—neither for a moment spoke. A sudden deep hush seemed to have fallen upon, about them. Had he awakened from his dream, or had she entered it to make the dream world real with her presence? About them was all the shadowy *verdâtre* of trees and vines. Sidney had forgotten where he was—all earthly circumstances faded before the great fact of her presence. He was conscious only that he was Man, and that Woman, glorified and like unto the gods for beauty, stood before him. Were they then gods together?

"Is your head better?" she asked; her full tones did not jar upon the eloquent silence, but her words reminded him that he was mortal.

"I had forgotten it," he said. "I must think before I can tell."

She laughed—just one or two notes fluted forth, but in their cadence was the soul of music. It was as if mirth, self-wrought, bubbled up beneath the dignity of this stately creature, as the living spring laps against the marble basin which surrounds it; and as the tinkle of the spring has more in it than melody, so Vashti Lansing's laughter was instinct with more than amusement. There was in it the thrill of triumph, the timbre of mockery, and the subtlety of invitation.

"Then," she said, "we will take it for granted that it is better. You are like father and the thistles in his fingers. He often tells me how he has been tormented by some thistle, and when I go to take it out, he has to search the fingers of each hand before he can find out where it is. He sometimes cannot even tell which hand it's in."

"Well," said Sidney; "I am like your father. I've lost my head."

"But if it ached," said she; "it was a happy loss."

"I hope it will be a happy loss," he said wistfully.

She smiled gently and let fall her eyelids; no flicker of colour touched her cheeks, nor was there any suggestion of shyness in her countenance. Thus a goddess might veil her eyes that her purposes might not be read until such time as she willed to reveal them.

Mabella heard voices upon the porch and came flying out.

Sidney could not find it in his heart to be impatient with this bright faced girl, whose heart was so full of tenderness to all living things that little loving syllables crept into her daily speech, and "dear" dropped from her lips as gently and naturally as the petals of a flower fall upon the grass, and as the flower petals brighten for a little the weed at the flower's foot, so Mabella's sweet ways gladdened the hearts of those about her.

"Ah, Mr. Martin," she said, "so you are awake! Was I a true prophet? Yes—I'm sure of it! Vashti's finger-tips did steal the ache, didn't they? They're too clever to be safe with one's purse. But see—have you had anything to eat? No? Why, Vashti," in tones of quick concern. "He must be faint for want of something to eat." She was gone in a moment. With Mabella to know a want was to endeavour to supply it. Ere there was time for further speech between Sidney and Vashti, Temperance had come out. Her shrewd, kindly face banished the last shreds of his dreams. The pearl portal closed upon the fair imageries of his imagination and he awoke, and with his first really waking thought the events of the night before ranged themselves before his mental vision. As he lay awake in the night he had decided that come what may he must put on a bold front before the awkward situation he had created for himself. But if the courage which springs from conscious righteousness is cumulative, the courage which is evolved from the necessities of a false position is self-disintegrating—Sidney felt bitterly that he feared the face of his fellows.

"Eat something," said Temperance, urging the bread and milk upon him; "eat something. When I was took with the M'lary I never shook it off a bit till I begun to eat. It's them citified messes that has spoiled yer stummick. Picks of this and dabs of that, and not knowin' even if it's home-fed pork, or pork that's made its livin' rootin' in snake pastures, that yer eatin'. My soul! It goes agin me to think of it; but there, what kin ye expect from people that eats their dinners as I've heard tell at six o'clock at night."

Sidney ate his portion humbly whilst Temperance harangued him. He looked up at her, smiling in a way which transfigured his grave, thin face.

"I'm a bother to you, am I not, Miss Tribbey? But it's my bringin' up that's responsible for my sins, I assure you. My intentions are good, and I'm sure between your cooking and your kindness I shall be a proverb for fatness before I go away."

"Soft words butter no parsnips," said Temperance with affected indifference. "Fair words won't fill a flour-barrel, nor talking do you as much good as eatin'," with which she marched off greatly delighted. Mabella seeing a chance to tease her, followed:

"If you make eyes at Mr. Martin like that I'll tell Nathan Peck," Sidney heard her say.

"My soul! Mabella, you've no sense, but, mind you, it's true every word I said. I tell you I ain't often in town, but when I am I eat their messes with long teeth."

Sidney moved his camp from the porch to the hammock which was suspended between two apple trees in the corner of the garden. Mabella brought out her sewing, and Vashti her netting, and Sidney spent the remnant of the waning afternoon watching the suave movements of Vashti's arm as, holding her work with one foot, she sent her wooden mesh dexterously into the loops of a hammock such as he was lying in; and at length the shadows lengthened on the grass, and Temperance called that supper was ready.

Mabella Lansing never forgot that repast. It was the passover partaken of whilst she was girded to go forth from girlhood to womanhood, from a paradise of ignorance to the knowledge of good and evil. The anticipation of a new love made these time-tried ones doubly dear. She forgot to eat, and dwelt lingeringly upon the faces about her; faces which had shone kindly upon her since she was a little child. The time which had crept so slowly on the dial all day long now seemed to hasten on, as if to some longed-for hour which was to bring a great new blessing in its span.

In retrospect of "the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years," do we not all single out from them one hour be-crowned above all others; one hour in marking which the sands of memory's glass run goldenly? Amidst the dead sweetness of buried hours is there not always one whose rose is amaranthine? One, which in the garlands of the past retains ever the perfume of the living flower, shaming the faint scent of dead delights? One hour in which the wings of our spirits touched others and both burst forth in flame? And the chrim of this hour was visible upon the brow of Mabella Lansing. She was sealed as one worthy of initiation into its fateful mysteries. How far away she seemed from those about her; their voices came to her faintly as farewells across the widening strip of water which parts the ship from shore.

"Did you find out about Len Simpson's funeral?" asked Vashti of her father.

"Yes—the buryin's to-morrow, and it seems Len was terrible well thought of amongst the play-actin' folk, and they've sent up a hull load of flowers along with the body, and there's depitation comin' to-morrow to the buryin' and they say there's considerable money comin' to Len and of course his father'll get it. I don't know if he'll buy that spring medder of Mr. Ellis, or if he'll pay the mortgage on the old place, but anyhow it'll be a big lift to him."

"Why, is it as much as that?" asked Vashti incredulously.

"So they say," said her father.

"Lands sake!" said Temperance.

"It seems like blood-money to me: Pore Len!"

As they all rose from the table, Mabella managed to slip away to her room, to spend the few moments before her tryst, alone. She looked out of her window and saw afar amid the boulders of Mullein meadow a form she knew, and the next moment she fled breathlessly from the front porch. A more sophisticated woman would have waited till the trysting time had come, but Mabella's heart was her helm in those days and she followed its guiding blindly, and it turned towards Lanty waiting there for her. *For her.* O! the intoxication of the thought! O the gladness of the earth; the delight of feeling life pulsing through young veins!

And thus it was that as Lanty paced back and forth in patient impatience within a little space hedged in by great boulders, his heart suddenly thrilled within him as the needle trembles towards the unseen magnet; he looked up at the evening sky as one might look upon whom the spirit was descending, and then, turning instinctively, he saw a shy figure standing between two great boulders. He cast his hat to the ground and went towards her, bare browed, and, holding out his arms, uttered a sound of delight. Was it a prayer—a name, or a plea? And with a little happy, frightened cry of "Lansing, Lansing," Mabella fled to him. Nestling close to his throbbing heart, close indeed, as if she was fain to hide even from these tender eyes, which, dimmed with great joy, looked upon her so worshippingly. There are certain greetings and farewells which may not be writ out in words, and these untranslatable messages winged their way from heart to heart between these two.

The grey heaven bent above them as if in benediction. The stern outlines of the old boulders faded into the dusk which seemed to enwrap them as if

eager to mitigate their severity. The soft greys of the barren landscape, the tender paleness of the sky, seemed to hold the two lovers in a mystic embrace, isolating them in the radiance of their own love, even as the circumstances of a United Destiny were to hedge these two forever from the world. There were jagged stones hidden by the tender mists of twilight, and bitter herbs and thistles grew unseen about them, but to their eyes the barren reaches of Mullein meadow blossomed like a rose. Doubtless, they two, like all we mortals, would some day "fall upon the thorns of life and bleed," but together surely no terror would overcome them nor any despair make its home in their hearts, so long as across the chasms in the life-road they could touch each other's hands. The first rapture of their meeting vanished, as a bird soaring in the blue disappears from vision, which yet does not feel a sense of loss, because though the eye sees not the heart knows that afar in the empyrean the triumphant wings still beat.

"Mabella—my Mabella. You love me?"

"Oh, so much, so very much—and, Lanty, you like me?"

"Like! Oh, Mabella, since that day in the hay-field when I *knew*, you can't imagine what life has seemed to me since then—surely it is ages ago, and how I have thought of you! Dear I can't say all I mean—but you know—Mabella, *you know*, don't you sweet-heart?"

"I hope so," she said sweetly, and then, with the inconsequence of women, her eyes filled with tears.

"Lanty—you—you will be good to me?"

"May God treat me as I treat you," said Lanty solemnly.

There was a pause, such a pause as when the sacramental wine dies upon the palate.

"I did not doubt you, Lanty."

"No, sweet one," he said; "I understand all about it. I will be good to you and take care of you, and, oh, my own dear girl, I am so happy."

"And I"—

And then lighter talk possessed them, and they recounted incidents, which, with the happy egotism of lovers, they chose to consider as important events because they had a special significance for them. The path to love is like a sea voyage. There are always more remarkable occurrences and extraordinary coincidents in one's own experience than in anyone else's, and these two were no exception to the rule. They discovered that upon several notable occasions they had been thinking *exactly* the same thing, and upon other occasions each had known *exactly* what the other was going to say before the words were uttered, and they talked on until they were environed in an atmosphere of wonder and awe, and looked upon each other startled by the recognition of their superiority, and the world was but a little place compared with the vastness of each other's eyes.

The dusk crept closer to them, the wings of night waved nearer and nearer, and Mabella, resting in Lanty's arms, sought his eyes for all light, and as they stood thus two other pairs of eyes watched them.

When Mabella had disappeared so promptly after supper, suspicion had stirred uneasily in Vashti's heart.

"Do you want me to help with the dishes?" she asked Temperance; "Mabella seems to have gotten herself out of sight."

"No," said Temperance, who was expecting Nathan, "I'll finish up that handful of dishes and everything else there is to do in half an hour."

Vashti betook herself to the garden expecting to find Mabella and Sidney there.

Both were gone.

Sidney, so soon as Vashti's personal influence was disturbed by the presence of others, fell again into a chaos of self-communications, and the devil which lurked there drove him forth into the wilderness; walking with the hopeless desire of escaping from himself he, ere long, found he was amid the barrenness of Mullein meadow. He wandered up and down amid its grotesque boulders

till suddenly there came to him a sense of trespass.

"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," his intuitions whispered to him. He raised his eyes—looked out from his own heart and saw Lanty with Mabella within his arms, her eyes raised to his radiant with the ineffable trust of first love. Sidney stood spell-bound, his heart aching within him. How sorely he envied the title-deeds to this enchanted country they had found, and possessed by divine right. Surely that meek man Moses endured sore agony as, foot-weary after long wandering, he looked upon the promised land, and looked only. It is indeed bitter to look at happiness through another man's eyes.

Sidney lingered some little time, till of their sacred talk one syllable came to him clearly; then he realized the sacrilege of listening, and departed; but surely the sky was very dark towards which he turned. Yet as he searched the sombre clouds before him the needle-like rays of a tiny star shone out environed by the darkness, and Sidney lighted a little lamp of Hope at its beam.

When Vashti found the garden empty as last year's nests she never paused, but turning fled up to the little garret cupola whose windowed sides gave a view for a long distance in every direction, and hardly had she climbed to this eyrie before she saw two figures in Mullein meadow.

That was enough.

Vashti did not wait to study the picture in detail. Gathering her skirts in her hand she sped down the stairs through the garden and down the road like a whirlwind. Her thwarted will shook her whole being as a birch trembles in the breeze. Mabella had dared! When *she* had smiled upon him! As Vashti ran down the road she promised herself that she would give both Sidney and Mabella a lesson. Mabella would be presuming to Lanty next! So Vashti soliloquized within her angry soul as she climbed the stone fence of Mullein meadow and crept

noiselessly towards where she expected to find Mabella and Sidney. She advanced stealthily paying all heed to caution, and after duly ensconcing herself behind a boulder which she knew commanded a view of the little hollow she looked—and saw . . . and controlled herself sufficiently not to scream aloud in rage; but vitriolic anger seethed within her heart, and for the time denied outlet, burned and cankered and tortured the breast which contained it. The first desire of her dominant nature was to fling herself before them in a wild accession of rage, and open upon them the floodgates of speech, but Vashti Lansing was not without a heritage of self-control. Long ago when her ancestress had been on trial for witchery, cruel persuasion had been used to make her speak in vain. The torment of the modern Vashti was greater and keener, inasmuch as it came from within; alas! we are told, it is that which defileth; every proud drop of blood in Vashti's veins urged her to no king speech, but beneath the iron curb of her will she was mute, but the victory cost dear. So as Lilith, the snake-wife of Adam, may have lain in the shadows of Paradise watching the happiness of God-given Eve, Vashti Lansing stayed and watched sombrely, ominously, the joy of these two, and cursed them, vowing them evil, and promising the devil within her the glut of a full revenge—revenge for what?

Lanty had never given her cause to think he loved her, and Mabella had only veiled her love with shyness, not hidden it with guile—but—Vashti Lan-

sing was supremely illogical. They had transgressed the unwritten statutes of her will. Did not that suffice to make them sinners above all others—besides, like the poison which festers in the already wide wound, she realized in those moments of supreme mental activity that she loved Lanty, as women such as she love men, tigrishly, selfishly—Ah! they should suffer even as she suffered! She dropped her face in her hands, enduring the morbid agony of her balked will, her misplaced, evil love, her bruised self-confidence, and shattering rage. And when she raised her head once more the scene had grown dark, the grassy stage whereon two mortals had lately mimed it in the guise of gods was empty, and she was alone.

She rose slowly to her feet wringing her hands in mute wrath. She looked around at the dreary field wherein she had endured such agony. Oh that some yet more bitter blight than barrenness might fall upon it—some pest of noxious plants, some plague of poisonous serpents; oh that she knew a curse potent enough to blast the grass upon which they had stood! But nature sanctifies herself; our curses are useless against her righteousness and rattle back upon our own heads like peas cast against a breast-plate of steel.

She entered the house calmly as was her wont. Within her heart was a hades of rage; upon her brow the glamourous eyes of Sidney Martin saw the spectral gleam of the star of promise.

(To be Continued.)



RECOLLECTION.

From the German of Heine.

THE yellow foliage shivers,
 Down fall the dry leaves to their doom—
 Ah, all that was fair and lovely
 Sinks withered in the tomb.

The tips of the forest are shimmering
 Beneath the wan sun's sad light,
 The last cold kisses of summer
 Give way to the winter night.

I cannot keep from weeping
 From my heart's inmost cell ;
 This scene once again reminds me
 Of when we said farewell.

And I was forced to leave thee,
 I knew thou wert dying now—
 I was the parting summer,
 The dying forest thou.

W. A. R. Kerr.

DREAMS.

Translated from the German of Heine.

THE harvest wind sighs through the branches,
 Chill evening vapours brood,
 I, wrapped in my gray mantle,
 Ride slowly through the wood

And as I'm riding onward,
 My thoughts before me roam,
 They bear me on airy pinions
 To my fair loved one's home.

Th dogs are barking, the servants
 Appear, and candles flare ;
 My silver spurs all clinking,
 I bound up the winding stair.

In the gleaming, rug-strewn chamber,
 Where the air is scented and warm,
 There where my darling awaits me,
 I fly straight to her arm.

The wind through the leaves is murmuring,
 The oak tree whispers, it seems :
 " What meaning, foolish rider,
 Is in thy foolish dreams ? "

W. A. R. Kerr.

THE EDITORS OF THE LEADING CANADIAN DAILIES.

With Forty Special Photographs.

BY THE SECRETARY OF THE CANADIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CANADIAN newspapers are, on the whole, unsurpassed in the world. The United States is generally thought to be the home of the newspaper, but recent investigations show that according to population there are more copies of papers printed in Canada than in the Great Republic. It is also certain that Canadian newspapers are less sensational and more trustworthy than those of the country to the South.

When one comes to compare the editors of Canadian newspapers with their brethren to the South and across the Atlantic, the average of intelligence and insight—if we may be pardoned for saying so—is considerably higher. The atmosphere of United States newspaperdom is one of rush, space-writing and sensationalism, and in such surroundings intellectual editors cannot be grown. Even in Great Britain there are few editors who are shining lights in the literary or political field. In Canada the editors of some of the newspapers are senators, legislative councillors, members of Parliament or the Legislatures, and many of them stand high in the counsels of the particular political party to which they belong. Again many of them are authors of marked ability, and their books bear the ear-marks of intellectual strength.

To attempt in a magazine article to indicate the strong points of the leading daily editors of Canada is very daring, I must admit. Still, from the mass of facts gathered here, the person who is interested may get a general idea of the experiences and characters of the men who are, more than any other body of men, responsible for the state of public opinion in this country. One of the most striking points in this collection of biographies

is the fact that most of these editors have been in the newspaper business all their lives. The opinion that when a man fails at everything else he can become an insurance agent or an editor is shown to have no basis in fact, as far as editing is concerned. The most successful journalists in Canada to-day are those who have made journalism their life work. Messrs. Ellis, White, McLagan and Blackadar have seen two score years of service, and of the other forty editors mentioned here nine or ten of them have over thirty years of active newspaper work to their credit.

HALIFAX.

Halifax has three strong dailies and three clever editors. It is meet that a Province which has given to Canada so many journalists and literateurs should be well represented in the journalistic field.

The oldest newspaper in Halifax, and one of the oldest in Canada, is the *Acadian Recorder*. It was established in 1813, was published as a weekly for fifty years, then as a tri-weekly, and for the last thirty years as a daily. The present editor of this Liberal newspaper is Henry D. Blackadar, who is also part proprietor. His father was a publisher, and he himself has been connected with the press for about forty years.

Robert McConnell, editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, has been in newspaper work for thirty-five years. He is a Scotch-Acadian, a descendant of a McConnell who landed in Pictou, N.S., in 1773. Born in 1842, Mr. McConnell started out in life as a school-teacher, but eventually landed in a newspaper office. Between 1866 and 1883 he published two papers—



ROBERT MCCONNELL.
Halifax "Chronicle."

one in New Glasgow and one in Colchester—the interim being filled in on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*. In 1883 he transferred to the Moncton *Daily Transcript* and afterwards to the Montreal *Herald*. In 1892 he resigned his position as editor of the *Herald* in order to take the editorial chair which he now occupies. It will thus be seen that Mr. McConnell's experiences have been broad and varied. During this long period his views have not always remained the same. Thirty years ago he regarded political union with the United States as a practical question; his article in the January number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE shows that he has abandoned that view.

J. J. Stewart may be said to have drifted into journalism. A year after he was called to the bar he assisted in a financial way in founding the Halifax *Herald*. Two years afterwards he became president of the company, and a year later managing editor. Previous to his being called to the bar in 1874 he had been principal of Amherst Academy, the college in which he had been educated. He always possessed a taste for literature and history, and amid his pursuit of wealth has found time to develop that taste. He has been for a number of years a councillor and worker in the Nova Scotia Historical Society, and has always encouraged



H. D. BLACKADAR.
"Acadian Recorder," Halifax.

local work of an historical nature. The *Herald* is the Conservative paper of Nova Scotia and a first-class newspaper in every respect. He is ably assisted in the editorial management by Mr. William Dennis, a man of marked ability and capacity. In the counsels of his party Mr. Stewart is a very prominent man.

ST. JOHN.

St. John, the chief city, though not the Capital of the Province of New Brunswick, possesses three very bright journalists. John V. Ellis, James Hannay and S. D. Scott are three



J. J. STEWART.
Halifax "Herald."



JOHN V. ELLIS, M.P.
St. John "Globe."

well-known men—the first as a political fighter, the second as an historian, and the last as a brilliant and thorough journalist.

Mr. John V. Ellis is a type of the older school of Canadian journalism. He has in his day inked forms, pulled a hand-press, set type, made up the pages of newspapers and books, mailed papers, carried them to subscribers, kept accounts, acted as general reporter, local editor, and editorial writer. He was born in Halifax in 1835. After working for a time in that city and in Montreal he removed, in 1857, to St.

John, where he has since resided. For sometime he was attached to the *News*, a bi-weekly paper. In 1861 he became joint-proprietor of the *Globe* and distinguished himself as an opponent of Canadian Confederation. Under the Mackenzie regime he was postmaster of St. John for a time, but on the return of the Conservatives to power at Ottawa he was dismissed as a political partisan. In 1882 he was elected to the Legislature of New Brunswick, and in 1887 to the House of Commons at Ottawa. This latter election was decided by the Judge and the Returning Officer against Mr. Ellis. Mr. Ellis made some severe remarks on the conduct of both these officials and was brought up for libel before the Supreme Court of the Province. After six years of litigation he was sentenced to pay a fine and be imprisoned. His political and journalistic friends contributed enough money to pay his expenses and his fine and while a prisoner he was a sort of provincial hero. On his release the people of St. John welcomed him with a great demonstration.

Mr. Hannay has been connected with the *Daily Telegraph* for more than twenty-six years, namely, from 1863 to 1883 and again from 1892 to the present time. In the interval he acted as assistant editor of the *Montreal Herald*; as assistant editor, literary



S. D. SCOTT.
St. John "Sun."



JAMES HANNAY.
St. John "Telegraph."



JOHN T. HAWKE.
Moncton "Transcript."



JAMES H. CROCKET.
Fredericton "Gleaner."

editor, and lastly chief editorial writer of the Brooklyn *Eagle*; and for a time as editor of the St. John *Daily Gazette*. Mr. Hannay was born at Richibucto, N.B., in 1842 and first came into prominence as reporter of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick and as the author of some lyrics and historical ballads. During almost the whole of his journalistic work he has been a great student of history and has done much for historical study in Eastern Canada. His "History of Acadia," published first in 1879, and now in its fourth edition, is the best work on the French regime in the Maritime Provinces. Besides this he has written many magazine articles and several other books; among the latter are "Life and Times of Sir Leonard Tilley," "History of the War of 1812," and "History of the Loyalists in the Revolutionary War," now in the press.

Mr. S. D. Scott, of the *Daily Sun*, was born at Parrsboro, N.S., and educated at Dalhousie and Mount Allison Colleges. His first editorial experience was on the *Argosy*, a college paper, and the experience gained there has been supplemented by sterner knowledge acquired on the Chignecto *Post*, Halifax *Evening Mail* and the St. John *Daily Sun*. He became editor of the latter paper in 1885 and is also a director of the company which pub-

lishes it. For several sessions he has been Ottawa correspondent of his own paper and also of the Halifax *Herald*. He is President of the Mount Allison Alumni Society and a member of the Board of Regents of that college. He is also president of the New Brunswick Historical Society. In politics Mr. Scott is an independent Conservative.

MONCTON.

The leading journalist in Moncton is John T. Hawke, editor and publisher of the *Transcript*. He is a printer by trade and in his early days worked on different papers in Ontario. As a reporter he was connected with the St. Thomas *Times*, the Toronto *Leader* and the Toronto *Globe*. He has been editor of the Hamilton *Tribune* and the Ottawa *Free Press*. Like Mr. Ellis, of St. John, some of his fame is due to a contempt of court case when he was fined \$200 and sent to jail for two months. As a public speaker he has a considerable reputation. In politics he is a Liberal.

FREDERICTON.

James H. Crocket, founder and editor of the *Daily Gleaner*, was born in Campbellton, N.B., in 1859, and like most of the other Maritime Province editors, has been connected with the press since a very early age. In 1877 he joined the staff of the St. John

News, and after three years of newspaper work in St. John, returned to Fredericton to found the *Gleaner*. At first it was a monthly; in six months it became a fortnightly, and in another six months a weekly. In 1885 it was issued tri-weekly, and in 1890 it became a daily evening newspaper. The growth and prosperity of this paper is the best comment on the journalistic capacity of Mr. Crocket. One of his specialties is a department devoted to foreign and Imperial politics, and this feature has had a beneficial effect upon his circulation.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

William Lawson Cotton, President of the *Examiner* Publishing Company,



W. L. COTTON.
Charlottetown "Examiner."

and editor of the *Examiner*, was born and educated in Prince Edward Island. He is now fifty years of age. From 1871 to 1873 he was connected with the *Halifax Citizen*, but since the first of June, 1873, a month before the Island entered Confederation, he has been associated with the *Examiner*. In 1878 he began to issue it daily—the first Prince Edward Island daily newspaper. It is decidedly yet independently Conservative in politics.

Frederick John Nash, known as the youthful editor of the *Province* of Prince Edward Island, was born in Halifax, N.S. He is of Loyalist

descent, and was educated at the Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown. He commenced his newspaper career in 1886 as reporter on the *Daily Patriot*, of which he was afterwards city editor and then associate editor. On the retirement of the Hon. David Laird from the editorship, Mr. Nash became editor-in-chief of this the leading Liberal paper of Prince Edward Island.

The other morning paper of Charlottetown is the *Guardian*, of which J. E. B. McCready is the editor.

QUEBEC.

It is difficult to publish an English newspaper in Quebec city. Yet three of them exist. Mr. George Stewart, editor of the *Mercury*, is, perhaps, the



F. J. NASH.
Charlottetown "Patriot."

best known editor on the three papers. His reputation has, however, been built up in other cities. Between 1865 and 1867 he edited and published *Stewart's Quarterly* in St. John, N.B. In the year of Confederation he came to Toronto, and edited *Rose-Belford's Canadian Monthly*. In 1898 he became publisher and editor of the *Quebec Mercury*, a paper which was first published in 1805. He has contributed articles to many leading literary publications in America and England, and holds degrees granted by several Canadian colleges. He is a member of the Royal Society of Canada, and was

President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec for seven years.

E. T. D. Chambers, editor of the *Quebec Morning Chronicle*, was born in England in 1852, and educated in that country. Besides his editorial work on the *Morning Chronicle* he has contributed articles on literary and historical topics to the late *Toronto Week*, and various American publications, and upon Canadian sport and scenery to *Harper's Magazine*, *Forest and Stream*, and other periodicals. He is author of "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," published by Harpers, "Chambers' Guide to Quebec," and "The Angler's Guide to Eastern Ca-



E. T. D. CHAMBERS.
Quebec "Chronicle."

made vacant by the death of his father in 1891. He is an energetic and progressive manager, and in his hands both the papers founded by his father have made rapid progress.

MONTREAL.

Montreal possesses some splendid newspapers. The *Gazette* is the only morning paper, but the *Witness*, the *Herald*, the *Star*, *La Patrie* and *La Presse* fill the evening field.

Mr. Richard White, managing editor of the *Gazette*, was born in Montreal in 1834. In Jan., 1855, he removed to Ontario, joining his brother,



FRANK CARREL.
Quebec "Telegraph."

nada." He was a member of the Quebec City Council for ten years, and pro-mayor part of that time. He is an ex-president of the Quebec Press Gallery, and a past grand master of the Masons in the Province of Quebec.

Frank Carrel, proprietor and managing editor of the *Quebec Daily Telegraph*, was born in the Ancient Capital in 1870. His father established the *Budget* in that year, and the *Daily Telegraph* four years later. Thus, his son was afforded an early opportunity of learning the newspaper business. He began at the lowest position on the *Telegraph*, and worked up until he filled the editorial chair, which was



GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L.
Quebec "Mercury."



RICHARD WHITE.
Montreal "Gazette."

the late Hon. Thomas White, on the Peterborough *Review*. He continued as manager of that paper until 1864, when he and his brother purchased the Hamilton *Spectator*. In 1870 they transferred themselves to the Montreal *Gazette*, and Mr. Richard White has been manager of the paper since that date. In addition to his newspaper work he has taken an active interest in general business and social matters at Montreal. He has been Vice-President of the Board of Trade, President of the Montreal Turnpike Trust, President of the Cemetery Co., Secretary of the Diocesan Synod, a member of the Committee of Management of the Montreal General Hospital, and a Trustee of Bishop's College.

Mr. Henry Dalby, editor-in-chief of the Montreal *Star*, was born in England about 44 years ago. He came to Canada in 1877, and began work as a reporter on the Montreal *Witness*. About 1880 he joined the *Star* as city editor, and has ever since been connected with the paper, first as writing editor and latterly as managing editor. Mr. Dalby can thus claim to have had a share in the wonderful work performed by Mr. Hugh Graham in making the *Star* the greatest English evening paper published in Canada. His strong point is unquestionably the possession of a humorous

and satirical style, which at present he is exercising at the expense of the Liberal party.

John Redpath Dougall, the proprietor and editor of the *Daily Witness*, is a graduate of McGill University. He acquired his business training under his father, and succeeded him in the management of the paper when the latter went to New York in 1850. He is now sole owner and proprietor, and devotes himself constantly to writing and revising its editorials. His literary style is a model of pure, incisive English. In the conduct of the paper Mr. Dougall has closely followed the principles of his father upon which the paper was founded fifty-three years ago. Like his father, also, he has been prominently identified with the temperance cause, and has been for several years one of the leaders of the Dominion Alliance. Politically, Mr. Dougall is an independent Liberal.

The Hon. Treffe Berthiaume, the editor of the great French evening paper *La Presse*, was born at St. Hughes in 1848. In 1863 he was apprenticed as a printer in the office of the St. Hyacinthe *Courier*. In 1865 he went to Montreal where he worked in one or two printing offices. After various changes he again joined the staff of *La Minerve*, and in November, 1871, won a type-setting match after



HENRY DALBY.
Montreal "Star."



JOHN REDPATH DOUGALL.
Montreal "Witness."



GODFREY LANGLOIS.
Montreal "La Patrie."

a keen competition against four English-speaking Canadians. After some experience in the job department of that paper he entered into business on his own account. In 1889 he invested all his savings in *La Presse*, then a struggling little French journal of four years' standing with a modest circulation of 12,000. In less than ten years he has seen its circulation more than quadruple. In politics he is an independent Conservative, and is a member of the Legislative Council of the Province of Quebec.

Godfroy Langlois, editor of *La Patrie*, was born in 1867 at St. Scho-

lastique. He studied law for some time but entered journalism in 1890. In 1892 and 1893 he published a small weekly paper at St. Scholastique which was interdicted by the late Archbishop Fabre on account of its radical ideas. Since then he has been chief editor of *La Patrie*. In 1898 he published a political pamphlet, entitled "Sus au Senat," and is now preparing a book on Papineau. He is very radical in his ideas, is a Liberal in politics, and is very independent in religious matters. He is very fond of politics and has done a good deal of public speaking. In fact, like most French poli-



THE HON. T. BERTHIAUME.
Montreal "La Presse."



JAS. S. BRIERLEY.
Montreal "Herald."

ticians, he possesses considerable oratorical powers.

James S. Brierley, managing editor of the *Herald*, is another of the many Canadian journalists who have, by pluck and enterprise, worked their way from the case to the editorial chair. Mr. Brierley was born in London where he learned his trade. After some experience in Hamilton, he went to the *St. Thomas Journal*, of which paper he soon became editor and proprietor. Still retaining his control of that journal, he, in 1896, went to Montreal to reorganize the *Herald*. In this his latest work he has been eminently successful both as managing director and

Gorman in 1894, was born in the West Indies, but educated in England and France. He came to Canada in 1872, and was connected with the *Grand Trunk* for a short time. He then took up journalistic work and has followed it almost continuously since.

Philip D. Ross, editor and proprietor of the *Ottawa Journal*, was born in Montreal in 1858. He graduated in the faculty of applied science, McGill University, in 1878, and soon after became a reporter on the *Star*. He afterwards went to Toronto, and was connected with the *Mail* and the *News*. Returning to Montreal in 1885 he was, for a time, managing editor of the *Star*.



P. D. ROSS.
Ottawa "Journal."



E. W. MORRISON.
Ottawa "Citizen."

managing editor. He stands high in the estimation of the craft, and was, in 1896, president of the Canadian Press Association. In his work on the *Herald* he has an able assistant in J. E. Atkinson, who made his mark on the *Toronto Globe*.

OTTAWA.

Ottawa has three very fair newspapers. L. A. M. Lovekin is editor of the *Free Press*; P. D. Ross, of the *Journal*, and E. W. Morrison of the *Citizen*. The latter is a morning paper with an evening edition, the others being exclusively in the evening field.

L. A. M. Lovekin, editor of the *Free Press* since the death of T. P.

Purchasing a half-interest in the *Ottawa Journal*, he moved to the capital and assumed the editorial management of the paper. Besides his ability as an editorial writer and as a newspaper manager, his most noted characteristic is his connection with amateur athletics. He was, at one time, very prominent among the athletes of Montreal and Toronto, and was stroke of the champion four-oared crews of Canada in 1883 (Toronto R.C.) and 1886 (Lachine B.C.). He was chief promoter and first president of the Ottawa Amateur Athletic club, an organization with seven hundred members. Politically he is independent.



JOHN S. WILLISON.
Toronto "Globe."



W. F. MACLEAN, M.P.
Toronto "World."

Mr. E. W. Morrison, of the *Ottawa Citizen*, entered newspaper life in 1886 as a reporter on the *Hamilton Spectator*. During that and the following years, being a good shorthand writer, he did a great deal of political reporting in both the *Dominion* and *Provincial* general elections. He became city editor of the paper in 1892, and was assistant editor in 1896. In 1898 he was appointed editor of the *Ottawa Citizen*. He is an artist of considerable ability, and an officer in the Canadian Artillery. He has taken a special interest in matters relating to the Militia and to the defence of Canada.

TORONTO.

Though not the capital of Canada, and though but second in size among Canadian cities, Toronto possesses six daily papers which are unsurpassed in this country. The *Globe*, the *Mail and Empire* and the *World* are morning papers, the two former published at two cents and the last at one cent. The *Telegram*, the *News* and the *Star* are one cent evening papers. The two high-priced morning papers have also "5 p.m. editions."

The foremost editor in Toronto, if not in the *Dominion*, is J. S. Willison,



ARTHUR F. WALLIS.
Toronto "Mail and Empire."



H. C. HOCKEN.
Toronto "Evening News."

editor-in-chief of the *Globe*. Born and educated in Huron county, with some experience in mercantile pursuits, he was twenty-six years of age before he began his first newspaper work on the *London Advertiser*. After one year there, he was sent on by John Cameron to the *Globe*. This was in September, 1883. Before September, 1890, he was editor-in-chief. At twenty-five, a clerk in a village store; at thirty-four editor of the greatest Liberal paper in Canada—that is the record of as hard-working, as persistent and as brilliant a journalist as Canada possesses. During the eight years that Mr. Willison has guided its destinies, the *Globe* has done wonderful work for itself and the Liberal party. Never subservient, but always sympathetic, it has been a model party newspaper. At the same time owing to Mr. Willison's faculty for gathering about him such strong men as John Lewis, John A. Ewan and S. T. Wood, the *Globe* has become the greatest morning newspaper—in the fullest sense of the term—in Canada.

Arthur Wallis, of the *Mail and Empire*, is a clever writer and an experienced journalist. He was born in London, England, in 1854, and when sixteen years of age came to Canada. After learning something about setting type, he joined the *Mail* staff. In 1877 and 1878, he reported nearly every speech made in Ontario by Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper during the famous National Policy campaign. Like Mr. Willison, he represented his paper at Ottawa for some time, and in 1890 became its editor-in-chief. When the *Mail* absorbed the *Empire* in 1895, he retained his position. Mr. Wallis has a very retiring disposition, and dislikes publicity. He is a strong believer in party government, and consequently in party newspapers. He has aimed successfully to make the *Mail and Empire* one of the strongest organs of the Conservative party. In his work he is ably assisted by W. H. Bunting, a son of the former managing director, C. A. C. Jennings and W. Sanford Evans.

The other Toronto morning paper is the *World*, the first one cent Canadian morning daily. The founder and editor of it is William Findlay Maclean, M.P. For eighteen years he has fought a stern battle against large odds, but has finally established his paper on a sound financial basis. He has done more than this. With unlimited pluck and energy he has fought five election campaigns, and during two Parliaments has represented the constituency of East York in the House of Commons. His paper has always been independent Conservative in politics, and Mr. Maclean stands in the front rank of Ontario Conservative leaders. His independence on all questions, and the decided stand which he usually takes once he settles on a line of policy unfits him, however, for party leadership, and he will likely remain a political critic rather than a political leader. Mr. Maclean has a bright, clear style, although he does very little desk work himself. He prefers to collect information and ideas, and to leave the actual writing to others. Most of the editorial writing on the paper is at present done by his scarcely less talented brother, Wallace Maclean.

Toronto has three very bright evening papers. The oldest and strongest of these is the *Telegram*, of which John Ross Robertson, M.P., is the founder and proprietor. The Editor of the *Telegram* is John R. Robinson, who has the reputation of being the brightest paragrapher in Canadian journalism, his most formidable rival being the editor of the *Hamilton Spectator*. Mr. Robinson's mastery of sarcasm and his terse forcible style have given him a more than local reputation. Like Mr. Hocken of the *News*, and Mr. Campbell of the *Star*, he does not court publicity. These three editors are comparatively young, but all have had long experience in journalism. Each paper is run on independent political lines.

Horatio C. Hocken, the editorial writer of the *News*, has always lived in the city of Toronto. He began his

newspaper life as a compositor, worked for a time in the *Globe* office, and finally took the position of foreman of the *News* composing room. For fifteen years he has remained with the paper, the last six being spent on the staff. During this six years he has gone from city-hall reporter to chief editorial writer—a long stride. William Douglas, the business manager of the paper, is also supposed to exercise some supervision over the editorial department. He is a very clever young man, though rather inclined to be sensational in his methods.

Colin C. Campbell, the editor of the *Star*, has never, so far as I know, appeared in public. He was born some-



JOHN CAMERON.
London "Advertiser."

Free Press, the morning daily of Western Ontario, has been connected with the paper since boyhood. He has been reporter, assistant editor, and editor-in-chief during a term of thirty-five years' active service. Mr. Bremner is a native of Newfoundland, but his family removed to London while he was still a child. His predecessor as chief editor of the *Free Press* was Mr. Josiah Blackburn, the founder of the paper, who died in 1890.

John Cameron, of the *London Advertiser*, is a well-known journalist. Like Mr. Bremner, he served his apprenticeship in the *Free Press* office,



M. G. BREMNER.
London "Free Press."

where in the United States, and worked on the *Hamilton Spectator* and on the *Toronto News*. He was city editor of the latter paper when the *Star* was founded in 1892. Since then he has been the editor, in the widest sense, of the *Star*, and has, considering the keen competition, met with much success. The whole paper is very brightly written and its information is thoroughly reliable.

LONDON.

London has three very fair dailies, one published in the morning and the other two in the evening.

M. G. Bremner, chief editor of the



C. B. KEENLEYSIDE.
London "News."

having as a frame-mate William Southam, now manager of the *Hamilton Spectator*. Mr. Cameron was for some years editorial manager of the *Toronto Globe*; but on the death of his brother, who was managing the *London Advertiser*, he returned to London to look after the paper which he had previously helped to found. Mr. Cameron was twice elected president of the Canadian Press Association. Among the graduates from the *Advertiser* office, of whom Mr. Cameron is justly proud, are the Hon. David Mills, Mr. Willison of the *Toronto Globe*, Robert Barr, and Miss Eva Brodlique.

C. B. Keenleyside, managing editor of the *London Daily News*, is a Londoner by birth and education, and has been in newspaper life since 1881. He left London in 1883 for Winnipeg, where he was attached to the old *Winnipeg Times*, and to the *Sun* when T. H. Preston, now of the *Brantford Expositor*, and R. L. Richardson, M.P., of the *Winnipeg Tribune*, were on that staff. He afterwards attended Victoria University, and indulged in a post-graduate course at Yale. In 1895 he returned to Canada, and was connected with the *Brantford Expositor* for one year, after which he assumed his present position. Mr. Keenleyside has a bright future before him, apparently, both in journalism and in literature.



J. L. LEWIS.
Hamilton "Herald."

HAMILTON.

In spite of the fact that Hamilton is less than fifty miles from Toronto, its daily evening papers flourish to the number of three.

John Robson Cameron, a native of Perth, Ont., has been connected with various Canadian and United States newspapers, but has spent the last fifteen years on the *Spectator*. He has been editor-in-chief of that journal since the retirement of A. T. Freed, in 1894. As a journalist he is a fighter. He has also seen active service as a militiaman in the Fenian Raid and in the Red River Expedition. His journalistic fame rests upon his independence and his ability as a paragrapher.

Mr. J. L. Lewis, editor of the *Herald*, has been at one time or another connected with each of the three Hamilton papers, and has also had some experience in Belleville, his native city. Under Mr. Lewis the *Herald* has since 1896 been a very successful journal, brightly written, and carefully managed. As a writer Mr. Lewis is best known for his dramatic and musical criticism.

Mr. H. F. Gardiner, the editor of the *Times*, is a native of Brockville. He was first connected with the *Times* in 1872, and has been with it continuously since 1880. In the seventies he was also connected with the *Brantford*



H. F. GARDINER.
Hamilton "Times."



E. J. B. PENSE,
Kingston "Whig."

Expositor, the *London Advertiser*, and the *Hamilton Spectator*.

KINGSTON.

Kingston has three evening dailies, the *British Whig*, the *News* and the *Times*. The *Whig* is the most influential, although the other two are very fair journals.

E. J. B. Pense joined the *Whig* as an employee in 1862. Nine years afterwards he purchased the paper from his grandfather, who had founded it in 1834. Mr. Pense's characteristic is his energy. He is practically the manager of the city. He has filled the position of Alderman, Mayor, Chairman of the General Hospital, and a score of other prominent positions, many of which he still holds. His advice is sought on every civic and public question. He was President of the Kingston Reform Association for many years, and in 1882 was President of the Canadian Press Association.

WOODSTOCK.

Andrew Pattullo, M.P.P., of the Woodstock *Sentinel-Review* is one of the most successful editorial managers in Ontario. His paper is published in the dairying district, and by giving much attention to that industry and by publishing a first-class newspaper, it has been made a great success. Mr. Pattullo is a splendid writer, a past-



ANDREW PATTULLO, M.P.P.,
Woodstock "Sentinel-Review."

president of the Canadian Press Association, and a rising politician.

WINNIPEG.

The city of Winnipeg, although less than thirty years of age, boasts three morning papers. The *Tribune* has been the Liberal organ, the *Telegram* (old *Nor'Wester*) the Conservative organ, and the *Free Press*, an independent journal. But since the change of editorship last year in the *Free Press*, that paper has been distinctly Liberal in tone.

Robert Lorne Richardson, editor of the *Tribune* and M.P. for the constituency of Lisgar, was born in 1860 in the county of Lanark, Ontario, where his grandfather, a Trafalgar veteran, had settled about 1815. At nineteen years of age he joined the staff of the *Montreal Star*, was afterwards connected with the *Globe*, and immigrated westward in 1882. Seven years later he assisted in founding the *Tribune*. Though an ardent Liberal, he has shown much independence in his paper and in Parliament, always denouncing the machine element in either of the great political parties.

Arnott J. Magurn, the new editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, is an experienced journalist. He has served on the *Globe* under Gordon Brown, and again under Mr. Willison; he has been on



R. L. RICHARDSON.
Winnipeg "Tribune."

the Belleville *Daily Ontario*, the Toronto *Mail*, and the Ottawa *Free Press*. At the request of Mr. Laurier he wrote the Liberal campaign book used in the general election of 1896. He has been President of the Parliamentary Press Gallery.

Thomas A. Bell, managing editor of the morning *Telegram*, a paper which succeeded the *Nor'Wester*, was born in Pennsylvania in 1844. He was connected with the Fort William *Journal* for some years and still has an interest in that paper. Previous to that he was in the business of building and contracting. His business habits have enabled



A. J. MAGURN.
Winnipeg "Free Press."

him to master the newspaper business and hold his own with more experienced journalists.

VANCOUVER.

The city of Vancouver is a little over twelve years of age but, like Winnipeg, it supports three dailies, each of which is managed by a first-class man.

The Hon. F. Carter-Cotton, Minister of Finance and Agriculture in the British Columbia Cabinet, is the only Canadian editor holding a cabinet position. He is the managing editor of the *News-Advertiser*, which was founded in 1887 by Messrs. Carter-Cotton and Gordon, who bought up the *News*



THOMAS A. BELL.
Winnipeg "Telegram."

and the *Advertiser*, and has held his present position almost since the foundation. In Dominion politics the paper is Conservative, but in Provincial politics is in favour of a coalition government. In 1890 Mr. Carter-Cotton was elected as the first representative of the city of Vancouver in the Legislature, and he has been twice re-elected. In August of last year he accepted his official position in the Semlin Cabinet.

John Campbell McLagan, managing editor of the *World*, came to Canada from Scotland when he was fifteen years of age. He served first on the Woodstock (Ont.) *Sentinel*, and afterwards on the Woodstock *Times*, Clinton *Courier*, and Guelph *Advertiser*. In

1862, with James Innes, M.P., he purchased the Guelph *Mercury*, and was for nearly twenty years connected with business enterprises in the Stone City. From June, 1884, to July, 1888, he was editor and manager of the *Victoria Times*, leaving there to found and manage the *Vancouver World*. Mr. McLagan has had much experience in business, is greatly enamoured of the journalistic profession, and can tell many tales of the difficulties under which the craft laboured in the early fifties.

Walter C. Nichol, editor of the *Daily Province*, was a well-known journalist before he decided to seek for wealth in the Mining Province. He



J. C. McLAGAN,
Vancouver "World."



THE HON. F. CARTER-COTTON,
Vancouver "News-Advertiser."

was editor of the *Hamilton Herald*, helped to found the *London News* and was known as a bright and clever writer. His native place is Goderich, Ontario. He has now been connected with the *Daily Province* for over a year, it having previous to that time been a general and literary weekly. The proprietor of the paper is Mr. Hewitt Bostock, M.P., but he leaves the management of the paper in the trustworthy hands of Mr. Nichol.

VICTORIA.

Victoria, the most westerly city in Canada, possesses two strong daily

papers, the *Times* and the *Daily Colonist*, Senator Templeman being the representative of the former, and Mr. C. H. Lugrin of the latter.

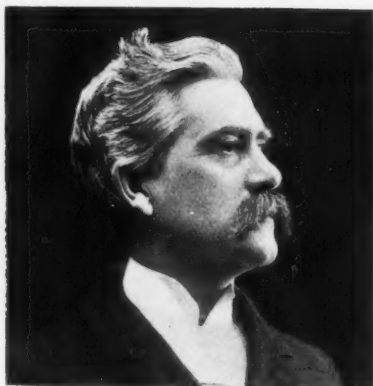
Senator Templeman won his spurs in newspaper work as founder and publisher of the *Almonte Gazette*—a paper which he managed from the year of Confederation until 1884. In the latter year he moved to British Columbia, and has ever since been connected with the *Times*, of which he is now principal owner and managing editor. He was born at Pakenham, Ontario, and learned his first lessons in printing in Carleton Place. He is one of the many



WALTER C. NICHOL,
Vancouver "Province."



SENATOR W. TEMPLEMAN.
Victoria "Times."



C. H. LUGRIN.
Victoria "Daily Colonist."

Ontario men who have gone West and garnered success and fame. He is a strong Liberal and has contested Victoria several times in the interest of his party. In 1897 he was called to the Senate by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, much to the delight of a large circle of friends and admirers.

Charles Henry Lugin, editor of the *Daily Colonist*, is a New Brunswicker, and a graduate of the provincial university. From 1869 to 1889 he practised law in that Province, and took much interest in politics. In 1895 he

removed to Seattle, in the State of Washington, where he did some legal and journalistic work, being connected with two papers there. In the first month of 1897 he became, on the death of the veteran Henry Lawson, editor of the *Daily Colonist* in Victoria. He comes of a newspaper family, both his father and grandfather having been newspaper editors and proprietors. He has written many essays and one book, entitled "New Brunswick, Its Resources and Advantages."

John A. Cooper

SOUL'S ILLUSION.

I HEAR the tired wind sighing
Among the hills for rest;
I hear the deep imploring
For one brief hour of peace;
I hear my spent soul crying,
As, on the endless quest,
It follows down the ways of night,
That magical, illusive light,
Whose beauty is a star to me,
Alluring over land and sea.

Bradford K. Daniels.

IN THE TOMB OF AGRIPPA.

IN the summer of 1887, when visiting Italy, I spent a few days in Pozzuoli (the Roman Puteoli) and tried to recall what the town was like nineteen centuries ago, when it was the abode of such wealthy bankers as Cluvius, and when it was a thriving seaport. Here the father of Cælius amassed the wealth of which the eloquent pupil of Cicero made such lavish use.

Having procured torches, I ordered the boatmen to make for Baja (Baïæ) where I looked in vain for even a trace of those sumptuous villas, built for rest or pleasure, so true is it that fame is more enduring than brass or marble. Instead of olive gardens crowned with palaces, from whose porticos and peristyles powerful consuls and pontiffs and mighty conquerors, Marius, Pompey, Cæsar, Sylla, Nero, and a throng of illustrious men and famous criminals looked out on those lovely waters which in calm weather reflected column and colonnade, one sees the squalid dwellings of obscure, listless men. On moral and intellectual vigour some blight has fallen. On stone and mortar and marble the effacing hand of time and the ruder blows of earthquake have long since done their work. The night of centuries covers the glory of the past. For gorgeous equipage, the purple and pearls, the gold and glitter of vast Imperial retinues, the eye is fain to content itself with picturesque rags, inadequately covering limbs whose fine brown tints are enhanced by long immunity from water. The marsh exhalations lend peril to that sweet air formerly among the chiefest of attractions; but no odours can steal its softness from the voluptuous sky, nor rob of their undying attractions those waves laden of memories, the peerless bay, the haunted shores, the enchanted land. Can it possibly be true, that belief so strongly held by all races in all times, that the spirits of those we misname the dead,

flit through and linger round those places they loved where, when in the flesh, they acted, enjoyed and suffered? What great and gracious, what mighty and lovely essences may glide here unobserved and shadow our thoughtless steps. Hardly a name known in Roman war, or politics, or literature or fashion, at least after the Republic became an Imperial power, but is in some way linked with Baïæ. The boyhood of Cælius was passed in Puteoli; his early manhood here and on the Tiber divided between ambition and pleasure. Here he and Clodia gave themselves up to all the pleasures that were to be found in a corner of Italy which Horace calls the most beautiful in the world. What with races on the shore, sumptuous and brilliant picnics on land, water-parties in boats laden with costly dishes, choice wines, singers and musicians, Clodia, the beautiful, pleasure-loving daughter of one of the proudest and most illustrious houses of Rome, the hostess, the queen of the fête, drained the cup, surrounded by a bevy of admirers, Catullus among them, and the most formidable rival of Cælius in the affections of the lady—for Lesbia was the fictitious veil which for outsiders he threw over the fascinating woman who had won his heart—who delighted and tormented, threw over and ruined him, not by her avarice, but by her incorrigible perfidy.

The loveliness of those wooded shores—the bay, the sky—fills the imagination with an unspeakable sense of æsthetic satisfaction, and the heart with peace. No wonder the masters of the world, weary of power, turned in here for repose.

"The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here."

The ruins which stretch from the Castle to the Baths of Tivoli enable you to form an idea of the extent of the antique town.

To the right is that dubious edifice

miscalled the Tomb of Agrippa. It is more suggestive of a theatre. In the oaths of the Sibyll I had been thrown but of the fit mood for enjoying such scenes by the parrot-story of my guide. I, therefore, determined, to enter the Tomb of Agrippa alone. Having lit a torch, I proceeded to explore the interior of this strange monument.

I had not gone far along the gallery when I was seized with a strange sensation never before experienced. It was not fear. I had uttered scepticisms respecting the Sibyll in her own Grotto, and my guide had assured me I had done very wrong, for that, in his belief, the whole district was haunted by crowding spirits from the buried past. I felt conscious that I was surrounded by living though invisible beings. I even thought I heard the tones of airy voices. I paused; should I return? No; and on I went, around me the gentle whispering, the ripple of distant ghostly laughter on the ear. "Can it be," I asked, "that spiritual beings are conversing in these mouldering ruins; and that my tympanum is too coarse to catch their tones, to hear their gossamer mirth and the faint breath of their delicate sigh?"

I had arrived at a point where I was doubtful whether to turn to the right or left, when a young man with light sunny hair, brown eyes, and a nose like that of the first bald-headed Cæsar, clad in the fashion of some twenty centuries back, stood before me. The purple band, which bordered his toga, spoke his rank and taste in dress.

"*Salve, Viator,*" he said, and motioned to a marble bench on the left.

"*Tu quoque salvus sis, domine,*" I replied, bowing low. He asked me whence I had come, and with such poor fluency as I could command I gave him some idea of the modern world, and then begged of him to tell me something about his own days. He readily assented. But alas! I could not follow him, partly because of his accent partly because of the rapidity with which he spoke.

"*Lente, lente,*" I begged. Then I asked him to repeat for me familiar

passages from Virgil and Horace, so that I might get accustomed to his accent. For the first time I realized the music of those lines and odes we are taught at school to admire mechanically. Having recited the opening lines of the *Æneid*, and two or three of Horace's *alcaics*, he declaimed a passage from Cicero's *pro Cælio*. I was now able to understand the discordance which existed between the metrical intonation and the ordinary accent of the Latins.

I asked him if he had known Cicero. No, not in the flesh. Cicero was before his time. But he had known Horace, and a number of the school boy's friends.

A reference to the third book of Tibullus led him to say he knew Sulpicia, frank, beautiful and, for that period, true-hearted and noble. He quoted from the poem sent her on the first of March—"The Matronalia," when maid and matron received gifts and compliments—the lines:—

*Illam quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia movit
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.*

Whate'er she does, where'er her footsteps stray,
A thousand graces round each movement play.

Another Glycera a creature of infinite variety and boundless and delicate charm.

"You will remember," he said, "that in the second of those exquisite little poems written by herself she complains that Messala, her guardian, has invited her to pass her birthday at his country seat near Arretium, and is thus about to deprive her of the company of Cerinthus, a young Greek, handsome, fascinating, but not in her class, who could not leave Rome and who anyway would not be received by Messala. From the next little song you learn she was allowed to remain at the capital.

"At this time Messala stood high with Augustus. Julia, the emperor's daughter, who had the genius as well as the beauty and charm of the Julian family, was fond of having in her palace and fine gardens the young men of wit and fashion.

"A short time after this passing cloud on the sentiment of Sulpicia, she, Lygdamus, Tibullus, Gallus, Ovid, Julia, the daughter of Agrippa, Iulus Antonius, as a matter of course, and some others were in those noble gardens which the emperor had presented to his daughter, talking art, gossip, scandal, everything but politics; the time passed gaily. Acting on some suggestion I have forgotten, Julia asked Sulpicia whether she had not something to read to us. Whereupon Sulpicia said:

"Messala made me very sad some time ago. He wished to have my birthday celebrated in the vicinity of those waters near his Arretium home. I wrote some verses in anticipation, and my indulgent guardian on reading them annulled my sentence of banishment."

"Then let us have them," cried Julia.

"And Sulpicia read:

You ask me why the brimming tear?
Nor field nor stream can give me joy,
Nor sunlight smite my heart with fire;
For absent is my own Greek boy
And far away my heart's desire—
Cerinthus is not here.

In vain! in vain! the glittering mere,
In vain you crown my festal day,
And, glad with wine, chant sweet
Catullus,
(While o'er the lute your fingers stray)
Or sing my praises by Tibullus,
Cerinthus is not here.

Oh! let my own Greek boy appear!
Bind up those laughing rills with frost,
Yon gleaming dome with gloom bedim,
Let all your festal plans be crost;
Mine eye shall beam, my heart shall
brim,
Cerinthus being here!

"We all praised the elegant trifle, and Tibullus, with a sigh, congratulated the niece of his friend and patron."

"And what," asked Julia of Ovid, "have you been writing?" Iulus Antonius bent a jealous scowl on the poet.

"Oh, nothing," Ovid replied.

"After supper, when many a libation had been poured, Julia the younger took the cithara. We had songs, recita-

tions, criticism. Julia held that Horace was frigid, and that Catullus had more genius and heart. 'As for you,' she said, turning to Ovid, who was whispering in the ear of her daughter, into whose hand he slipped, as he hoped, unobserved, a small scroll, 'You are the true poet of this day, when, let my father do what he may, we have turned our backs on the seriousness of the elders. All that is left of Roman earnestness is the dignity which was its noble ornament. There is no passion in love or patriotism today. Horace—literature in marble. You, Ovid—you are as brilliant as polished steel, and as—hard.'

"And durable," laughed Ovid.

"When the time to separate had come she bade me stay, as she had a commission to give me."

"The sound of retreating footsteps was still in one's ears when, turning to her daughter, she said: 'Julia, let me see the verses that brilliant scamp slipped into your hand?'"

"The young girl, not less beautiful than her mother and as ill-starred, drew forth the scroll and read:

I hourly pine for Julia's love;
Cares Julia aught for me?
Alas! I look too far above—
Risk life itself for thee.

What help? Thy bright eye dims the sun,
Thy smiles—like summer seas;
Yet *that* is by thy wit outshone;
These by thy power to please.

That breast of snow, it makes mine rave;
So calm, yet kills my peace;
Twin swans upon a silver wave,
Just vista'd through the trees!

That form hid by the long robe's folds,
Is fairer than the dress;
But yet the soul it sweetly holds,
It cannot half express.

I know I look too far above;
Siderial heights desire;
But though black exile frown—I'll love;
Death shake his spear—aspire!

"Heartless conceits," cried the mother, as she handed back the little scroll. 'Beware,' she added; 'you know the severity the emperor wishes to impose on all but himself. Ovid is a

charming fellow and a great master of the art he professes to teach; but beware,' and in saying this she looked anything but severe herself, while her daughter laughed a low, liquid, honeyed laugh.

"And thus these three persons played with danger, and, though at times they caught a glimpse of the shrouded Nemesis looking out on them from the future, trod the path which led to misery and exile. For the two imperial beauties, narrow, barren isles, barred and walled by the pitiless sea; and

for my witty and accomplished friend, the bleak, inhospitable Euxine shore."

"Pardon me" I said; "may I ask—"
Here my guides, who thought I was lost, came along the passage with flaming torches, shouting: "Signore!"

I rose and beckoned and shouted to them to go back. When I turned I found my interesting companion had gone. Regretfully I left the ruin. The sun was now descending, so I bade the boatmen head for Naples, saying we would visit Cuma on the morrow.

Nicholas Flood Davin.

ANEROESTES, THE GAUL.*

A Review.

THE story of Aneroestes, the Gaul, has already appeared in the pages of this magazine, and therefore it needs neither introduction nor commendation to its readers. Yet it may be well that some attempt should be made to estimate its character and worth. We have, therefore, no hesitation in saying that it is an excellent story, admirably told, and full of bright, graphic writing. The story itself is slight, not too slight, perhaps, for the volume of the work, and all the better for not being encumbered with extraneous detail. It belongs to the campaign of Hannibal in Italy, after his magnificent and terrible feat of crossing the Alps, and we believe all the situations and descriptions will be found to agree with the time and circumstances of the story. The picture of Hannibal's army, wasted with hunger and fatigue, is very striking, so is the portraiture of the great soldier himself. The hero of the book is a captive Gaul, set to fight another captive, with the promise of liberty and a reward to the conqueror. The story of the battle is told with great skill and dramatic power. The smaller man overcame the giant opposed to him, and Aneroestes thus won his freedom.

His countrymen, however, were still retained in bondage, and their liberty was promised to them on condition of Aneroestes helping by treachery to get possession of the city of Taurasia, which was besieged by Hannibal. Pretending to be a deserter from the Carthaginian army, the spy with some difficulty obtained the confidence of the Taurini, and finally admitted, or rather helped to admit, the besiegers within the city.

During his stay in the place he saw and loved Ducaria, a daughter of the people, who returned his affection, and fled with him from the city. Himilco, however, a Carthaginian leader, saw her, and lusted after her, and got her into his hands. It is not necessary to recount the various incidents in the subsequent history of Aneroestes and Ducaria, further than to say that the author has shown considerable skill in this most difficult part of his work. These things and the end of the story, which is also well managed, our readers will find in the book; and probably they would not thank us for depriving them of the discovery which they will make for themselves. We are not sure whether this is Mr. Smith's first work of the kind. If it is, we hope that we may meet him again.

William Clark.

* A Fragment of the Second Punic War. By Edgar Maurice Smith. Montreal: F. E. Grafton & Sons, 1898.

PHIL. BURTON'S DUCKS.

IN September of 1886, business became slack in London, and, finding myself reduced to four days' work a week with four days' pay, I resolved to try the Great Northwest. One week after this resolution taken I was at work for R. B. Ferguson at Regina, the chief town of that primitive district. After being there a week the failure of a new lot of material to arrive on time gave me an enforced holiday and I asked Mr. Ferguson :

"How do you fellows out here amuse yourselves when you have time on your hands?"

"Oh," said he, "we generally ride and shoot. You may take that cayuse of mine and ride over to the 'slews' and get some ducks if you like."

If I like? Of course I liked; I was delighted. True I had never fired off a gun more than half a dozen times and had never killed anything but a horse belonging to my father, which piece of sportsmanship, being an accident, and for other obvious reasons, never brought me any but ironical compliments.

But Ferguson had never heard of this episode. He lent me his double-barrelled gun with confidence that I was as knowing as I pretended, and an hour later I reached the "slews." Espying a flock of ducks in a large slew or pond some distance off I dismounted and, tying my horse to some brushwood, crept near them under cover of a little bluff of willow brush. The ducks evidently did not see me and bang, bang, went both barrels. Off flew the ducks, leaving one of their number fluttering wounded on the water, and to my astonishment they alighted again a short distance away. I thought best to secure the bird I had shot before following the others further, and, as the water was about three feet deep I took off all the drapery of my, nether limbs, and wading in, brought out my prize. Never was a sportsman more delighted; a duck with my first

shot; it was almost too good to believe. I grew two inches, it seemed to me, that very minute. The water was very cold for deep wading, for October is no summer month in Assiniboia, but that counted for nothing. I was covered with glory if not much else. I resumed my trousers, stockings and boots and, following the fowl with greater boldness and more openly, I soon had shot and retrieved in the same manner as before two more of them, and in a couple of hours I was the joyful possessor of no less than seven. I was at first very much astonished at the fowl for not flying away, but I soon attributed it to their never having been hunted before, and repeated softly to myself the lines :

"The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see,
They are so unacquainted with man
Their tameness is shocking to me."

and, mentally making the changes necessary to fit the present case, I derived a good deal of satisfaction and pleasure from the lines.

I now returned to my pony and tying the ducks to the saddle and taking the gun, fully loaded, in my hands (for what young sportsman was ever contented to travel with an empty gun) I mounted and started for town, incipient rheumatism in my bones, but supreme content in my heart.

I was cantering slowly along framing in my mind a letter home, and considering the satisfaction with which I should show my spoils to Mr. Ferguson and the fellows at the hotel where I boarded, when I heard the faint squawk of wild geese and looking up I saw a flock flying almost directly overhead. They were about a quarter of a mile high, but not discouraged by that fact I stopped the horse, raised my gun and fired at them. I had hardly time to observe that none of the geese appeared to be falling when I felt a shock beneath me and found myself rise into

the air about three feet, accompanied by the gun and ducks. By the time I came down in a heap on the ground the horse was five yards away, and in a shorter time than it takes me to say so he disappeared over a rising ground in a furious race for Regina. "B' George!" said I to myself as I recovered from my surprise, "I believe that horse *bucked*." I have since that tried many times to ride horses whose performance was guaranteed to be bucking, and have found no reason to change my opinion.

I was not hurt, so I gathered up my birds, hung them on the gun over my shoulder, and started for town, five miles away.

Arrived in town, the first man I met was R. B. Ferguson. "Hello! Phil," said he; "What has happened to you? The cayuse came home an hour ago, and we thought you must be killed. What have you got there?" he continued, catching sight of my game.

"A few ducks," I replied, in a desperate attempt at lordly indifference. He looked at me a moment, then burst into a roar of laughter.

"That's splendid," he cried; "You've done well my boy," and he went off into another fit of laughter.

"Come, let's go down to the hotel and show the boys," said he when he had recovered his breath, and immediately exploded again.

Arrived at the hotel we found all the fellows agog for news, for they had seen or heard of the pony's coming back without me. I saw Ferguson wink to the boys when we went in, but mistrusted nothing definite. I walked in with great dignity and bowed condescendingly to the boys.

"See Burton's shoot of ducks!" said Ferguson. "Isn't that fine for a beginner?" The crowd looked at the birds and burst into one unanimous guffaw.

"Oh, go 'way!" said they. "He's been shooting before."

I declared I had never before aimed at anything wearing feathers.

"Aw, come off. What are you givin' us? Aw, get out. What do you take us for?" greeted me on every side.

"There don't no tenderfoot bring home no sich bag as that?" drawled a cowboy down from Qu'Appelle.

I grew somewhat annoyed at their too freely expressed disbelief, and ventured to remark that I should consider any man my enemy who indulged in any further language of the sort. This seemed to be a signal for a renewal of the merriment, but presently one of the men straightened his face and remarked that it certainly was a shame to try to throw doubt upon the word of a gentleman, and asked:

"Where did you get them anyway, and how in thunder did you manage to get so many in so short a time?"

Considerably mollified, I vividly described my proceedings and the methods employed in each case, while the others listened with great interest, and with faces on which desperate solemnity alternated with convulsions of laughter.

The Qu'Appelle man had been inspecting the catch.

"Gash! them's fine ducks," said he gravely, "I move we have 'em for supper."

"Right you are," cried the others; "take them down to the kitchen and tell the cook to let us have them for supper."

"With pleasure," said I, and taking up my game I wended my way to the kitchen, the company following at my heels. I went up to the cook, a middle-aged Irishwoman.

"Here, cook these ducks for supper, will you?" said I, throwing the fowl upon the table.

Mrs. Finerty took one look at my prizes.

"Dooks! Dooks the devil!" said she. "Ye spalpeen, git out o' this wid yer dhirty *mud hins*," and she flung them into the yard.

The volley of laughter behind me nearly broke the windows. Mud hens they were, about as edible as a crow, impervious to the teeth of even the prairie wolf. The pigs worried the carcasses around the hotel yard till winter, but nothing could eat them.

George Nelson Weekes.

FOR HER DEAR SAKE.

"I'll give canned stuffs the go-by after I get out of this," and Jack Birdsall's pleasant face had a look of disgust as he transferred with his pocket-knife sundry slices of corned beef from a can to his lips.

"Why, just to think! To home they're eatin' harvest apples and early peaches to-day. My mouth's waterin' for an apple. An' say, wouldn't it be delicious to have some new potatoes cooked in milk? That's the way mother always cooked 'em, and nothin' tasted better to me when I was a boy."

He glanced through the low doorway of the little cabin as he spoke, but between him and the distant mountains there was no sign of fruit or vegetables ripening under the hot August sun. Nothing but heaps of earth and tiny cabins and tents, the outward signs of a mining country.

"You'll soon be home and feasting, Jack, while I—well, I've told you before—I've no home to go to, no ties. I feel sometimes as though I was adrift on a wide sea without chart or compass, and I wonder where the winds will bear me next. You cannot understand it, Jack; you with a wife and home—"

Jack Birdsall started as if he had been struck.

"For heaven's sake don't say any more in that vein, Fred. I've been on the point of tellin' you a hundred times, and now that we're about leavin' here, I'll out with it. I don't intend to go back to my home. First, let me show you my wife's picture."

He crossed over to his bunk, and raising the reindeer robe, drew from beneath it a box.

"There she is," handing a photograph to his friend, "taken two years ago, when I started to come here."

The face that looked up at Frederic Harmon was, he thought, one of the most beautiful he had ever seen; a face at once strong and tender with

great serious eyes beneath a broad brow, from which the blonde hair was caught loosely away, and a mouth that seemed made for lurking smiles. He glanced up at his friend.

"I know what you think," said Birdsall. "She's much younger than I. Well, this is how it was: When I first saw her, in a little town in Ontario, she was a girl of seventeen an' I was thirty. She was an orphan, livin' with relations who were unkind to her. She'd been carefully educated, but not fitted to earn her living. I loved her from the first day I saw her, an' when I learned she was unhappy, I said, 'Come to me,' an' she came, joyfully, I thought, an' my happiness was complete. But not for long. The knowledge was forced upon me, slowly at first, for I was so blind I would not see, that she had married me for a home an' to escape from her tormentors. Then I learned too she had hoped to inspire me to study and improve myself; she was 'always studyin'.' I know she felt ashamed when I blundered, as I'm always doin', in my pronunciation of words; I never did take to book learnin'. On the farm, when I was a boy, it was only a few weeks in winter at school. We had to hustle early an' late to keep the interest paid on the mortgage."

"Another thing came between us. I was always mighty fond of bugs—spent all my spare time when a boy huntin' up strange ones, an' I had a big collection when I was married. The most readin' I ever done was about insects. I had quite a lot of books about 'em, an' a small chest full of my own notes of what I'd observed. When we came to settle in our house, there was a room off the setten room that was too small for a bedroom, an' I said to her:

"Edith, I believe I'd like this for my own particular use; an' she laughed an' said: 'It shall be your den, dear.'"

"I wondered what she meant, because I hadn't told her about the bugs.

"A few days afterwards she was busy fixin' up her sewin'-room, a side room with a bay-window, upstairs; and I was workin' in my den. My books was all on their shelves, and my bugs unpacked and laid out on the table. I hadn't decided just how to keep 'em, so I began sortin' 'em, and to help along, every time I came to a stranger, whose habits I hadn't fully investigated, I pinned him up to the door casin'. I guess I had twenty-five or thirty alongside the door-knob when the door opened, and Edith peeped in. Then she screamed, and almost dropped—she'd put her hand right on 'em, you see."

"And no wonder," thought Harmon, but he said nothing.

"She never came into my little den again. Five years went by, and all the time we seemed to drift apart. I knowin' she was disappointed in me—though she never showed it—felt less and less at ease with her, though I tried to be good to her, God knows! Then George Gordon wrote and told me about this Klondike country, and I made up my mind quick. I got together all the money I could lay my hands on—my own, of course—and divided it with Edith. It was enough to keep her two or three years.

"Well, now I've got back to the beginnin'. I've made up my mind that Edith shall have a chance to start fresh, and marry some one who can make her happy—she's young enough yet, only twenty-five—and I want you to bear the tidings to her of my decease. I want you to tell her how, and where and when I died. I'll tell you what—I'll fall off the boat going down the Yukon!"

"Not if I can help it!"

"But I mean for you to tell her that. That will be a pretty decent way of dyin', won't it?"

"It's asking a good deal from you; I know, but it isn't as though it would break her heart. She'll grieve, of course, but she'll get over it and I'll never trouble her, never. Forty out of

my sixty thousand shall go to her, and you must take it to her."

"I think you're making a mistake, Jack. You're putting all your future happiness behind your back.

"My happiness isn't to be considered, old man. What's more, I couldn't be happy knowin' I was spoilin' her life. You see she'd ought to have married quite a different sort of a man. I've understood it more since I've been with you, Fred. You're what I call a thoroughbred, and I feel sometimes such a scrub beside you with your—"

"Don't, Jack," and his friend flushed painfully, almost guiltily.

Presently he said: "I'll do it Jack, if you don't change your mind before we get to Victoria."

"One more thing, Fred. If you'll manage to ship the contents of my little den to me, bugs and books, I'll wait at the Pacific Hotel at Victoria for them. Tell Edith I asked you to dispose of them."

"You shall have your bugs, Jack. They'll give you something to think about. Now, hadn't we better turn in, as we'll have a busy day to-morrow packing up. Ugh! these tormented mosquitoes! Are you going to take any specimens of them along with you?"

"Sure," said Birdsall, laughing, as he pointed to the wall above his bunk, which was decorated with numerous insects of different kinds.

When the tinkle, tinkle of the bell rang through the house, she hurried to the door, hoping as she had hoped so many mornings to find a letter from him. She had felt depressed all the morning, and the sight of a stranger when she opened the door seemed to unnerve her. To his question, "Is this Mrs. Birdsall?" she could only bow her head, and motion for him to enter. He began to weaken. Did she divine his errand? He might as well out with it.

"I am Frederic Harmon—"

"My husband's partner! Oh, tell me, why did he not come himself?"

No, you need not; at least, not yet. Oh, my husband!" she exclaimed, as she began walking up and down the room, "why couldn't you have come back!"

Frederic Harmon bowed his head upon his hand. He wanted to think.

Passing him, she caught at his sleeve.

"Can't you give me a crumb of comfort? Two years I have been starving for a touch of his hand, a glance from his kind eyes,—I was such a fool,—I didn't know what he was to me until he was gone. I even thought he had faults. Why, he was the most generous,—the noblest—"

She broke off with a sob.

He had been wrestling with a demon within during those few seconds she had paced the floor. It was turning out so differently from what he had expected—or hoped. The demon said:

"She will get over it in time, and Jack need never know."

Ah, but he, Frederic Harmon, would know.

Just then, she lifted her face.

"I think I can bear it now," she said. "Tell me, when did he die?"

"He didn't die!"

His exultant tone was like a pæan of victory.

She looked up wonderingly. "Not die? why, you said—"

"Nothing about his dying. I came to tell you of his sickness, not his death."

"Oh, where is he—can I go to him?"

"He is in Victoria, and I believe it would be the best thing possible for him if you were to go. It's heart trouble, but not serious—he'll be cured as soon as he sees you. I'll send a message to him right away, and then come back and assist you in starting."

"You are so kind," she said.

As he stepped out upon the veranda, a man rose up from a garden chair, and he looked upon the face of Jack Birdsall.

"In heaven's name, Jack! Where did you come from?"

"I took the next train after you, Fred. The longing grew upon me to see her once more—just a glimpse of her face. I came to this window where the shutters are closed, but the window being open, I heard you say something about my being sick, and her starting for Victoria. I was so overcome, I sank down in this chair. What does it mean?"

"It means that you are never to doubt your wife's love again. Go in to her, Jack. I'll take a walk around and look at your town."

As Frederic Harmon walked down to the gate, a little smile played around his mouth.

"It's a queer world," he said to himself. "Some people are doubly blessed. There's Jack with his wife and bugs—while I— Never mind, I'll look around and seek, and maybe I shall find another Edith. I can dispense with the bugs."

Eva Rice Moore.

UNDYING.

SUCH a sunny smile and a springtime laughter
As my friend had!
Her presence was like April, after
The Winter sad.

Now the laugh is still, and the smile has perished
This many a day;
But within my heart, divinely cherished,
They live for aye.

Bradford K. Daniels.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

THE Marquis of Salisbury has accepted on behalf of his sovereign and the Empire, the Czar's invitation to take part in the disarmament conference. Indeed, all the powers, with the exception of Turkey, have returned a favourable reply. Despite this fact, the questioning of the Czar's motives has not ceased. Mr. Kipling's "Adam Zad" has done more, probably, to sustain this enquiring attitude than oceans of prose argument could have done. In the minds of many the "laureate of the Empire" possesses the seer's vision, and to them, therefore, the Russian autocrat is the bear that walks like a man. His paws are held as in prayer, but at the proper moment they are thrust forth to smite without mercy.

Even those who are not stirred by Sybilline verses are puzzled by the conflicting facts that present themselves. There is no denying that in every department of offensive and defensive force the Russians are busy. Almost simultaneous with the invitation to the conference was the resolution to spend \$125,000,000 on the navy. A London *Times'* correspondent, who has been making a tour of observation through Russia, reports a feverish activity in arsenals, dockyards, and every other place connected with the equipment of armies or navies. To these facts Mr. Stead, who has constituted himself the Czar's spokesman in England, replies that Russia is merely "filling up" like a man about to undergo a fast. This explanation is rather casuistical, but as most of the other powers are likewise "filling up," they will really start on the road on even terms.

There can be no doubt that there is a large section of the people of the United Kingdom which would welcome any real guarantee of peace, and will watch the proceedings of the conven-

tion with hope, if not expectation. While Britain bears the burden of militarism better than her neighbours, she is, perhaps, more interested in peace than any of them. With her widespread commercial interests she feels the wound even when it is only two considerable South American republics which are endeavouring to dismember each other. It is sometimes said that the time of quarrels among her rivals is her time of greatest harvest and that her trade took the decided lead it now holds during the years of mortal struggle on the continent. That is the common superficial view, but it cannot be held after any careful examination of the facts. Assured peace and continuity of markets are the necessary atmosphere of trade and enterprise, and in this respect tariff wars are about as disastrous as physical wars.

To Russia, doubtless, peace at the present time is an almost absolute necessity. We have little conception of the vast evolutionary ferment that is proceeding amongst those 115,000,000 souls that call the Czar father. Before this myriad all other populations fade away, not so much from the point of view of numbers, for India alone with its 300,000,000 exceeds it in that—but because of the blind but mighty stirrings of the spirit of progress in the portentous mass. It is as if we were looking at the snorts and twitchings of some colossal and fearsome monster about to awake, whose proceedings when awake can only be conjectured, but in regard to which we are justified in feeling some apprehension. The rulers of Russia have willed that the time has come when her people must enter the industrial race. They have already found, however, that it requires even more than an autocrat's ukase to convert an unlettered peasant into an intelligent

artisan or even into a mill-hand. It is now perceived that the pioneer work in industrialism is education, and even education cannot be introduced amongst those myriads without danger. One does not walk through a powder magazine with a lighted candle without feeling some qualms as to the result. At all events, Russia would prefer to encounter such risks relieved, to some extent at least, from the constant and insistent preparations which all nations appear to have been making for the past twenty years for Armageddon. It is useless to talk of getting relief by precipitating the conflict and getting it over.

The wars of recent years have given no relief. Are the burdens any lighter since Sedan? Have the various alliances eased the pressure? The wasting rivalry increases rather than diminishes, and scarcely have vast sums been spent in some direction than a new invention renders the whole outlay useless. It is now being whispered that the Spanish-American naval engagements prove that the heavily-armoured battleship is doomed to become a thing of the past—that speed and accurate gunnery must be the reliance of the sea-fighters of the future. A distinguished military man, at a dinner-party the other night, recalled the history of the mailed fighting man. In the days of bows and arrows he was almost invulnerable. Then came the era of firearms, and the protection of the soldier kept on increasing until he was utterly helpless when dismounted. Indeed, Machiavelli tells of a battle where no one was killed on either side, except one steel-plated cavalier who fell off his horse in a swamp and was drowned. The rifle at length won, and the cuirass and all its congeners have disappeared. The modern infantry man and cavalry man opposes to the deadly rifle and the still more deadly shrapnel his own unprotected flesh and blood. We are passing, it is claimed, through the same process with regard to our fleets. Common sense and common humanity

point out disarmament as the remedy for the debilitating struggle. Short of that there is the idea of a police of the nations. If England, Germany and Russia could accommodate their various aims and decide that any nation breaking the peace would be summarily dealt with just as a constable suppresses a disorderly on our streets, the thousand years of peace might become a possibility instead of an improbable dream.

John Morley's farewell to public life has a bearing on this question of disarmament. He is the one prominent figure who refuses to fall into the Imperialistic and jingoistic procession. Morley is an earnest man, and we can readily give him credit for acting with sincerity, but it may be found that his course is politic as well. The pendulum is swinging very far to one side—it will swing back again, and by the time Mr. Morley has finished his *Life of Gladstone* he may find himself more attuned to the times. The revulsion in public feeling will not long be delayed if the truth of such disclosures as those of Mr. Ernest Bennett is sustained. The butchery of the wounded dervishes after Omdurman is one of the most incredible things imaginable. It will be astonishing if these assertions of an eye-witness do not cause profound indignation in every part of the Empire. Time is with Mr. Morley.

France remains an object of curious contemporary interest. The Dreyfus case seethes and splutters and the political energies of the nation are exhausted in the profitless game. The invention of subterfuges goes on. The latest romance of the army chiefs is that the document which alone can prove Dreyfus guilty cannot be produced on any account as the revelation which it contains would imperil the life of the nation. It has been shown to each of the Ministers of War in succession, to the present Prime Minister and other members of the Cabinet, and one and all have concurred in the

view that it definitely justifies the punishment of Dreyfus, but contains such matter as makes its publication impossible.

Are we bound to accept the assurances of these prominent men? In the natural order of things we could not refuse to do so, for they are honourable men. Have we any assurance, however, that they are not capable of justifying falsehood to their consciences if by that means they can avert a great calamity to their country?

France is assuredly in danger, but not from the publication of any document. She is in danger from the overbearing conduct of a military oligarchy, who have virtually proclaimed themselves superior to the law, and threaten to overturn the Republic if their will is obstructed. They are just about to add to the Dreyfus injustice the conviction of Col. Picquart, because he endeavoured to expose the suspicious events that had from time to time occurred. It must be believed that the story of the existence of this convincing and dangerous document is one more piece of the fabric of falsehood that has been built around this extraordinary case. Could any conceivable revelation be more dangerous to France than the present condition of affairs? The army is on horseback, the civil power is practically deposed, and two of the Bonapartes are on the Belgian border. The French people will be fortunate if the clouds clear away without precipitating the thunderbolt.

In the meantime her relations with Great Britain are not wholly cleared up. There are a number of open questions which, we are told, are being negotiated amicably. Let us hope that in the shuffle Newfoundland's French shore difficulty will be set at rest forever. The island is in the position of a runner with a clog on one foot so long as its western seaboard remains in the present unsatisfactory state. When that barrier is removed confederation with Canada should be-

come a live issue. The present relations are most anomalous. Canada stands between the island and a most advantageous commercial treaty with the United States. Newfoundland has been commendably patient under her various disabilities, and under the impetus which confederation and emancipation from the semi-occupation by France would impart, we might look for a re-birth of the first-born of the Lion's cubs.

Surely no Canadian is so shortsighted as to persuade himself that we have no interest in the negotiations that may be going on with reference to joint action between Britain and the United States in maintaining the open door in the East. Canada is a Pacific ocean power, and has already intimate relations with Japan and China. Already our cotton manufacturers have secured a foothold there, and as our industrial operations extend, the East must become only second in importance to the West as a field of mercantile adventure. The construction of a canal across the Central American isthmus is a subject, too, in which we have a large interest. We can afford to hope that both projects will be brought to a successful issue.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. is one of the most interesting figures of our time. Under his administration the holy office has lost no particle of its dignity or authority. The Spanish-American war was probably to him the saddest event happening during his incumbency. The contestants were the great Republic, where millions of his people find a home and that faithful daughter of the Church to whom the papacy owes not a little. His heart undoubtedly went out to the latter, but he was indisposed to offend a government where loyalty to the nation is the first item in the creed of every creed. The war was not popular with the Catholic population in the United States, but being entered into it they would likely have resented any attempt from outside to array them on the other

side. I witness Cordelia Don Ca peninsula The pre ed Prot salient fo Protesta Austria Protesta its origin marked ing down oda, and

side. Leo had, therefore, to silently witness the humiliation of the church's Cordelia. He is now, by appeals to Don Carlos, endeavoring to save the peninsula from the horrors of civil strife. The predominance of what may be called Protestant powers is one of the salient features of the past thirty years. Protestant Germany subdued Catholic Austria and Catholic France in turn. Protestant America reduces Spain to its original Iberian limits, and the most marked contemporary event is the hauling down of the French flag at Fashoda, and the hoisting of that of Pro-

testant Britain in its stead. As a set-off we must remember, however, that French colonial possessions have considerably increased in recent years, although in this respect Russia, which obeys neither the Roman nor the Protestant rule, has exceeded all other nations. There is probably no theory or significance involved, but a retrospect on the part of the occupant of the Vatican must be a melancholy exercise. His consolation must be that during his time the moral influence of his great office was never greater or more rational.

John A. Ewan.

A SERENADE.

LUNA'S silvery rays are scatt'ring
 All the sombre shades of night ;
 And her beams, each nook exploring,
 Fill the earth with radiance bright.
 In the trees the birds are sleeping,
 Silent is their harmony,
 Whilst beneath thy casement window,
 Gentle One, I sing to thee.

Listen whilst my love I'm pleading,
 Soften thou thine heart to me,
 In these falt'ring love notes learning
 All that I would be to thee.
 sleepest thou, so fair, so gentle,
 Hearest not, divinest maid ?
 Open now thy casement window
 Whilst I sing my Serenade.

Life is as a lonely journey
 On a sun-scorched dreary road,
 Over which each weary pilgrim
 Bears unwillingly his load.
 Love is as a gentle zephyr
 Whisp'ring to him soothingly,
 "Courage take and struggle bravely,
 Yours the greater prize shall be."

I have been a lonely pilgrim
 Over hill and dale and sea,
 But my life is filled and freshened
 By the love I bear to thee.
 Chill me not with angry glances,
 Hear me now, divinest maid,
 Open wide thy casement window,
 Listen to my Serenade.

Edward H. Capp.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

FEW readers have a fair idea of the work that has to be done to secure illustrations for the various articles that appear from month to month in this and other magazines. Articles and stories may be picked up everywhere, anywhere, but illustrations must be searched for or made. For example. In the January number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE were two portraits, which, so far as is known, were never previously published; the one was a portrait of Col. Fielden, and the other of a group of officers of the Second or Quebec Battalion of Rifles. These were wanted, and, if such were in existence, must have been taken in 1870, the year in which these officers formed part of Lord Wolseley's staff on the Red River Expedition. Correspondence with the men who were most likely to have such portraits brought no result. After three months' patient search an old negative was found in Montreal, and a print of Col. Fielden's portrait secured. After a few weeks' more search, the group picture of the officers was found in Winnipeg among the playthings of an officer's grandchildren—and a battered old photograph it was.

This month we present the portraits of forty of the leading Canadian editors. The securing of these necessitated the writing of nearly two hundred personal letters. The mere labour of overcoming the modesty of some of these editors was in itself a huge task. We hope none of our readers will value the collection too lightly.

To those readers who are interested in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, because

of the work which it does or should, are commended the articles on pages ii., iii. and iv. of the advertising matter of this issue. As a national publication, this magazine can succeed only when its sphere and its purpose are thoroughly understood by reading Canadians. The matter on those three pages will perhaps suggest some new thoughts regarding the value to Canada of a monthly devoted to politics, science, art and literature.

This copyright agitation is an exceedingly dreary affair. In a nut-shell, the publishers of this country propose to make the authors of Great Britain and the United States print in Canada all the copies of their books which they desire to sell in Canada. It is not an agitation to protect authors. It is a movement to force the development of our printing and publishing trades. I do not know of a single Canadian writer who is complaining of the injustice of our present copyright arrangements.

If a Canadian author desires a Canadian publisher, and has something good or even fairly good to offer, he can easily find one. If he desires to publish in the United States he can arrange with a United States publishing house to bring out an edition there. If he wishes to publish in England, he can arrange in the same way for an English edition. Under the proposed act, the Canadian author would have, so far as I can see, no additional rights, no fresh privileges.

But while acknowledging that the proposed act is designed only to benefit the printers and publishers of this country, I cannot see anything very

unfair about it. The British author says:

"You want to force me to publish my books in Canada, in order to prevent them being pirated there?"

"Yes, we do," answer those Canadians who are managing this agitation.

"But," says the British author, "you have no right to touch my property." (See *Pall Mall Gazette* of recent date.)

"Your property in your book is your rights in great Britain. You have no property in Canada unless you take out a Canadian copyright. We are not anxious to steal anything from you. We are simply asking our Government to keep your British edition out of Canada, if a Canadian edition will pay. We are not proposing to steal your property. We simply propose to substitute a Canadian monopoly for a British monopoly. We propose to make you publish your books in Canada, as the United States people have forced you to publish in the United States." So answers the Canadian Copyright Association.

As a matter of fact, the British publisher desires to monopolize the Canadian market, and hence he opposes the proposed Canadian Copyright Bill. The British author backs up the British publisher because he would not get enough money, he thinks, out of a Canadian edition to pay him for his trouble in arranging with a Canadian publishing house to bring out an edition.

Such is the situation. It is really a question between the Canadian and the British publisher. If the Canadian Government believe that the majority of books sold in Canada should be made in Canada, then let them pass the proposed act. If they believe that it is just as well for us to buy English editions as Canadian editions, then they may with perfect safety leave the copyright question alone. But if they are so shaping Canadian legislation that the interests of Canadians shall be guarded and controlled by such

legislative machinery as would be necessary if this country were not a part of the British Empire, then again I say they should pass the proposed act.

The article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* which has induced these remarks is the most daring piece of special pleading of which I ever knew a British paper to be guilty. It accuses the Canadian publishers of being anxious to steal—it uses that obnoxious word—the rights of the English author. For one Britisher to accuse another of such a motive is more than being ungentlemanly. If Great Britain is to retain the affections and loyalty of Canadians, the Britishers of Great Britain must learn to treat the Britishers of Canada as equals in every respect. At present, much to our regret, this is not being done.

A mother came to me the other day, and asked me if I could bring any influence to bear upon her boy who was leading an aimless, useless life. This led me to consider the causes which make some young men idle, wayward, unambitious, unprogressive and impotent. The conclusion that I have arrived at is, that young men and young women are, in nine cases out of ten, just what their parents make them.

Even before a child is born the mother may do much to make or mar its physique and its mental strength. The father's conduct is also an element in this formative period. This is a subject on which parents would do well to inform themselves, although it is not one which may safely be discussed here.

In the earliest years of the child's life the parents have a similar responsibility. If they are honest with their children their children will be honest with them. If they deceive the little ones the little ones will deceive them. If they are cross, petulant and unreasonable the children will be the same. If they exhibit patience, gentleness, forbearance, genuineness, the children will exhibit these qualities. If they

are bright with their children the children will imbibe the sunshine of their minds and their conduct and be similarly radiant. As a great man has said, in early years the parent occupies to the child the position of God. If the god proves to have feet of clay the child will pull the idol down; and after it is shattered the child's life will be godless.

In the days of youth and maidenhood this relation continues with new conditions. The child still worships the parent, but in a different way. The relationship becomes that of an admiring companion—or it vanishes. Blessed is the father whose boy places a hand in his and asks for guidance, counsel, sympathy, in play and work. If the father be a helpful companion then the boy may become a good man. If he be careless, unappreciative, unsympathetic, all his discipline will count for nought. Too many parents are merely negative. They tell the boy or the girl what not to do, but they neglect to establish with equal clearness the positive rules of conduct. Teach the youth to do right and you need worry very little over teaching him not to do wrong.

I do not know which to pity most, the children of the very poor or the children of the very rich. The very poor man has little time to spend with his children, and it is hard for him to devise means to keep them out of temptation. The very rich man may, in the excess of his liberality towards his children, neutralize all his efforts in their behalf. The very poor man usually gives more thought to his children than the very rich man. He has felt the thralldom of labour and servitude, and is usually anxious that his children shall be so equipped with education and knowledge and training that they may be able to get a greater share of this world's good things than their father was able to secure. The rich man has his many cares and worries, and continuous demands upon his time; and when he should give counsel and sympathetic consideration, gives only a five-dollar bill. The child to whom money is

given profusely, without constant direction as to the spending of it, is being given something which weakens his moral fibre. The poor man cannot give his children much money, and he usually is forced to give them that which is far better—knowledge of the world, of the conditions under which the battle of life takes place, of the elements which will enable him to overcome obscurity and poverty.

For many parents mistake the meaning of education. Book knowledge is not all of education; in fact, it is but a small part of education. Everything which teaches a young man or a young woman to know himself or herself is education. Every young person must be taught that education may come from within as well as from without, that every individual is the architect and builder of his own life-building. The parent must point out what qualities of a young man or a young woman must be repressed and what developed. The parent may give the counsel, but the child must perform the action. As the child of two years of age is taught to feed himself, so the child of fifteen years of age must be taught to think and act for himself. Both teachings are similar in that through each the child learns his responsibility. The child that is never taught responsibility, never arrives at a correct knowledge of himself.

Two faults that a young man must be taught to avoid are idleness and carelessness. Idleness leads to mischief of many kinds, and is decidedly enervating. The father who allows a boy to spend many idle hours is laying up for himself years of future worry. Sport, work and sleep in proper proportions should fill every boy's life. Carelessness is another fault of many varieties and with far-reaching consequences. Carelessness in speech, in manners, of the rights of others, of the spending of money, of the value of school hours, of bodily strength and vigour, in the various acts which end in the formation of vicious habits—all this the boy must be taught to avoid. And this must be taught, as has al-

ready been pointed out, positively as well as negatively. The teaching must not consist entirely of "Don'ts." The older the boy, the less should be the number of "Don'ts." In the words of Dean Farrer :

"Over young men, therefore, we must aim to establish a wise influence rather than a galling control ; and without too obtrusive a resort to didactics, we must lead them to feel the warning of Ecclesiastes : ' Rejoice, O ! young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth ; and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the light of thine eyes ; but remember '—and this memento is uttered rather in the spirit of general kindness than of unsympathetic menace—' but remember that for all these things God shall bring thee into judgment.' "

Have you ever noticed a horse whose driver is always jerking at the bit ? The horse gets into the habit of putting its head sideways ; or it learns to take the bit in its mouth, and by taking a stout hold neutralize the pulls which the driver makes ; or its mouth becomes hardened and so accustomed to the jerking that it takes little notice of it. So it is with a boy. Give him constant commands and he soon arrives at a condition when he takes little notice of commands. As Robert J. Burdette has written :

Make broad, comprehensive laws, and few of them. He'll learn with your help—he can't learn alone—to supply the details and to legislate under the constitution.

But, above all things, a boy must be taught to be manly. In England this is taught mainly through the sports, in which the youth are trained either by intelligent masters at the great boarding schools, or under the immediate supervision of sympathetic parents. It is also taught at home. In America it is not taught to as great an extent in our public schools, because the children's play is under a much looser supervision, hence it must be taught more at home. The best way to teach it is by example. The next best method is to deal with specific cases—not too many of them—as they arise.

What does manliness mean ? It means a dignity which makes the young man respect his own rights and those of others. It includes a moder-

ation in speech, a temperance in action, a magnanimity in conduct towards others, and an earnest loyalty to duty. It has no limits, no defined bounds. It is a garment which envelops and surrounds the man, so that he may always be distinguished from the cad, the sneak, the drone, the criminal. It is the main-spring of all generous acts, of all progress, of all wisdom. It is the first and most necessary equipment of the man who would write his name in silver letters on the golden page of history. It is the concentrated essence of all virtues without a trace of impurity. It is the halo which makes the man a god.

The City of New York is one of the most wonderful places on earth as the following figures prove :

City.	Population.	Annual Cost of Government.	Cost per Capita.
New York . . .	3,389,753	\$138,000,000	\$47.10
Paris	2,511,629	72,700,000	28.94
London	6,291,697	65,000,000	10.33
Berlin	1,726,098	21,450,000	12.42
Vienna	1,423,000	11,850,000	8.32
Chicago	1,098,576	32,400,000	29.39
Philadelphia . .	1,044,894	23,000,000	22.01
Boston	446,507	10,640,000	23.82

When we weep with the Opposition newspapers of Canada (the Liberal journals before 1896, and the Conservative journals since) over the corrupt expenditures of our parliament and our legislatures, we need only to think of New York to have our tears cease flowing. Our politics are not of the best, because our democracy is not of a very high order. But our politics are of a much higher order than obtains in the City of New York. There is some hope for Canada, but the octopus has enfolded New York to such an extent that there is little hope for her release. It costs as much to clean the streets of New York as it does to run the City of Toronto, or the legislative machinery of the Province of Ontario, and the funny part of it is the streets of New York are very seldom cleaned. Over one-half at least of the \$3,950,000 spent on this item goes to support the political gang that misgoverns the American metropolis.

John A. Cooper.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

THE ADVENT OF A SHORT-STORY WRITER.

WITHIN the last two years over twenty short stories by W. A. Fraser, of Georgetown, Ont., have appeared in various English and American periodicals. This is very rapid success, even for a Canadian. It shows that careful, thoughtful, original work finds a ready sale even in these days of log-rolling and wire-pulling. Among the English magazines which have accepted his stories are: *Pall Mall*, *Temple Bar*, *Pearson's*, *Strand* and *The Gentlewoman*. In New York, his best work has appeared in *McClure's*, although many of the leading weeklies and dailies in the United States have secured some of his tales. In Canada, several of his stories have appeared in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*, and one or two in the *Globe* and *Saturday Night*. Mr. Fraser's qualities are his unique phrases and his terse, vivid style. His stories are of two classes, one dealing with life in India where he spent several years, and the other with life in the Canadian North-West. A volume of his brightest tales will, it is announced, appear in the spring.

STEEVENS' STORY OF KITCHENER.

Those who would know the British history of Egypt, the wonderful organization which has added, for all time, the Soudan with its teeming millions to the British dependencies, and the romance of the recent campaign which has added so much to the lustre of the British arms, must read "With Kitchener to Khartum," by G. W. Steevens.* Those who enjoyed the brightness, the freshness and the vividness of his previous book, "With the Conquering Turk," will need no second invitation. Canadians, especially, will find much that is gratifying in this new volume. Lieutenant Girouard, of whom we are all so proud, is given full meed of praise for his engineering work on the Soudan Military Railway. Of him Steevens says:

"Conceive a blend of French audacity of imagination, American ingenuity, and British doggedness in execution, and you will have the ideal qualities for such a work. The Director of Railways, Bimbashi Girouard, is a Canadian, presumably of French derivation. In early life he built a section of the Canadian Pacific. He came out to Egypt for the Dongola campaign—one of three subalterns specially chosen from the Railway Department of the Royal Engineers. The Sudan killed the other two out of hand, but Bimbashi Girouard goes on building and running his railways. The Dongola line runs as far as Kerma, above the Third Cataract. The Desert line must wait at the Atbara for a bridge before it can be extended to Khartum. But already there is something over five hundred miles of rail laid in a savage desert—a record to make the reputation of any engineer in the world, standing to the credit of a subaltern of sappers. The Egyptian army is a triumph of youth on every side, but in none is it more signal than in the case of the Director of Railways. He never loses his head nor forgets his own mind; he is credited with being the one man in the Egyptian army who is unaffectedly unafraid of the Sirdar.

"Having finished the S.M.R. to the Atbara, Bimbashi Girouard accepted the post of Director-General of all the Egyptian railways. There will be plenty of scope for him in the post and it will not be wasted. But just reflect again on this crowning wonder of British Egypt—a subaltern with all but Cabinet rank and £2,000 a year."

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

Steevens has a wonderful style. A few examples of it may not be amiss :

"Yes ; it is a murderous devil, the Sudan, and we have watered it with more of our blood than it will ever yield to pay for. The man-eater is very grim, and he is not sated yet, only this time he was to be conquered to the last."

"From the [railway] shops of Halfa, the untamed Sudan is being tamed at last. It is the new system, the modern system—mind and mechanics beating muscle and shovel-head spear."

"For Anglo-Egypt he [Kitchener] is the Madhi, the expected ; the man who has sifted experience and corrected error ; who has worked at small things and waited for great ; marble to sit still, and fire to smite ; steadfast, cold and inflexible ; the man who has cut out his human heart and made himself a machine to retake Khartum."

"Then bugle again, and up and on ; the bullets were swishing and lashing now like rain on a pond. But the line of Khaki and purple tartan never bent or swayed ; it just went slowly forward like a ruler."

Mr. Steevens has been accused (see this department in last month's issue) of insincere exaggeration. Perhaps he does exaggerate ; but he does it well. The colours of his picture may be strong, but the general effect is still pleasing. Personally, I am very fond of enthusiastic work.

MONOMANIACS.

We are all maniacs ; some of us are monomaniacs—which is much worse. A friend of mine collects old postage stamps, and loves them because very often some of these little coloured pieces of paper double in value in five years or less. The sparkle in his eye when he secures a rare specimen is almost intoxicating. Another friend collects books on the war of 1812 ; Canadian books, United States books, English books ; narratives, fragments, official documents, speeches, monographs, anything, everything. He had a copy of David Thompson's account of the war, published at Niagara in 1832, for which he paid four dollars. Subsequently, one dealer asked twelve dollars for a second copy. He did not buy then, but later picked up a third copy for five dollars—and chuckled for weeks.

Some seven or eight years ago, a Mr. E. S. Williamson, of Toronto, began to collect books about Dickens. His previous reputation was good, but the craze grew on him. He spent his time and his money, and he has now one of the finest collections of "Dickensiana" in the world. He has published a tasteful brochure of sixty pages, entitled "Glimpses of Dickens,"* with numerous illustrations and complete lists of the books, pamphlets, articles and illustrations which he has collected together. Mr. Williamson is to be congratulated upon his success, his taste and his energy.

DIANE OF VILLE MARIE.

If a reviewer were inclined to be critical he could find much to condemn in Miss Macdonell's first novel "*Diane of Ville Marie*."† The first chapters are badly constructed, and there is too much historical fact and too little story in the book. Aside from these two features, the volume shows that Miss Macdonell has many of the qualities of the true novelist. It also indicates a strong possibility that this talented lady's next volume will be something of a superior order. The romance of the French regime has impressed itself upon her mind after what must have been many months of hard study. She has the power of making her reader live through the events which she describes, and she also possesses much aptness in the delineation of character. *Diane* is strongly drawn, while the figures of Le Ber, Du Chesne, the Marquise and Pierre stand out boldly in the picture. The story is laid in the stormy period when Frontenac ruled New France, when the coureurs de bois were striking figures in the life of the colony, and when the attacks of the Iroquois were at their fiercest.

*Published at \$1.00 by the author, 17 Maynard Avenue, Toronto.

†Toronto : William Briggs.

Life in Ville Marie (Montreal) was then one of alternate peace and war, but always one of insecurity. The effect of such conditions upon the inhabitants is clearly shown by the author.

While this story, which in shorter form appeared about six years ago in the "Dominion Illustrated," may be thoroughly recommended, Miss Macdonell's next may reasonably be expected to be an improvement.

TREVELYAN'S LITTLE DAUGHTERS.

Everything that Mrs. Sheard writes bears evidence of a thoughtful mind, and a graceful sympathy. Her novel "Trevelyan's Little Daughters,"* more than fulfils the promise of her short stories and her poems. It is a dainty tale of the early life of the three motherless children of a sea captain. Their entry into the house of a rich couple in New York, whose one baby was but a memory, and their influence there is sweetly told. Their childish sympathy for the organ-grinder's little boy is very wholesome, and when they discover in him an unknown cousin, the reward strikes one as being thoroughly just. Edward Van Norman and his dainty society wife are pleasing characters, but it is in the portrayal of child-life that Mrs. Sheard excels. Her delicate touch is so near perfection that one cannot feel a jar in any of the scenes.

The book is well printed, and is illustrated from drawings made by Reginald B. Birch. Such a dainty setting is no more than the due of this human fairy tale.

AFTERWARDS.

The readers of short stories may be roughly divided into two classes: first, those who read a story for entertainment and because something happens in it, and second, those who go beyond this and admire the style of the telling, the phrasing, the subtle suggestions, the indirect knowledge of men and things. Those who admire pictures may be similarly divided into those who see the story in picture, and those who see, also, the colour, the composition, the suggestion.

Ian Maclaren writes for the first class of story-tellers, and, being a minister, has always some lesson to teach. "Afterwards," the story which gives its title to his latest volume† of short tales, describes the horror with which a man takes a journey from the Riviera to his home in London, with the knowledge that his neglected wife is dying, and that it is scarcely likely that she will live to grant him forgiveness. He arrives home, and his wife is dead. His sorrow is great. It is greater, and his humiliation is greater, when he discovers how many people had felt or experienced her goodness. His soul is torn by anguish. Ian Maclaren has preached another sermon.

But the stories are more than sermons. They are incidents gracefully told, only lacking occasionally the air of reality. The sermonizing, though indirect, detracts from the literary qualities of the work. The same fault exists in the recently-published book, "Dwellers in Gotham," by Annan Dale, as was pointed out last month. Why should a story-teller desire to preach? Why not let the characters live their virtues without talking about them? The world of to-day is suffering from a plethora of preaching—and here I am at it myself.

DAVID LYALL'S NEW STORY.

David Lyall (L. Gladstone), who has written several very bright novels, has given the public a new study in an unusual field. "Neil MacLeod"‡ is a tale of literary life in London. A young Scotch schoolmaster writes some bright sketches for a London paper. One of the sub-editors advises him and assists

*Toronto: William Briggs.

†Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

‡Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

him to write a book. It is accepted. The young man gives up his school and goes to London to enjoy what promises to be a great success. He finds everything in his favour, and for six months poses as a literary giant among the pot-boilers of the London press. He almost forgets the Scotch maiden whom he had left sorrowful but hopeful in his native glen, as he worships a new deity, Lady Grantham, a writer and a patron of litterati. Slowly but surely he is degraded; success is too much for his moral strength; his high ideas fly before afternoon teas and evening routs. He has friends who warn him, but at first in vain. Eventually his eyes are opened, and he goes back to his first love and his early ideals.

The book is full of strong characters. In comparing it with some recent Canadian novels, one cannot help remark its simplicity and clearness. The reader is never confused. Each character is thoroughly described, fully created, before another is allowed to come upon the stage. Further, there are no long descriptions. It is a surface story, with the depths merely indicated. The imagination and mind of the reader are given something to do, but they are always under the author's guidance.

Incidentally the writer points out how authors secure favourable reviews. This may be true of London, but it has no counterpart here. In Canada, a favourable review of a weak book is seldom secured. We may have indifferent reviewers, but they are all honest when expressing decided opinions. The atmosphere of our newspaperdom is above suspicion. And this is not the least of Canada's glories.

BRUNETIÈRE ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

The manual of the History of French Literature,* by Ferdinand Brunetière, which has just been published in an English translation, is the "promise" of a more exhaustive and detailed treatment of this subject. Mr. Brunetière's previous works in the history and criticism of literature have given him a position of authority. His attainment and judgment are well-founded and solid. He does not attempt to laud each writer to the skies; he gives the conclusions drawn from a thorough study, meting out praise and adverse criticism where each is due. He indulges in no empty words, but whatever he touches he invests with a convincing eloquence and a faultless style. The work is composed of two parts; a running essay occupies about a half of each page, and the other half is devoted to a series of carefully devised notes or notices. Throughout the essay the guiding idea is the principle of Evolution. The writer presupposes the variability of the human species; he delves down to the fundamental changes which the human thought has undergone, and on these changes he builds up a genealogical classification. Even if the hypothesis of Evolution is false, he says: "the genealogical classification is by far the most convenient, the most probable, and above all the most in conformity with the greatest number of facts." This constitutes his originality. As a product of this method, his classification is not into centuries or such customary arbitrary divisions, but into literary epochs and he pays much attention to the periods of transition. There are three books in the essay, entitled, "The Middle Ages," "The Classic Age," and "Modern Times." The second book is divided into nine and the third into three periods. By this means he furnishes a thread of thought which connects all the parts of the essay. M. Brunetière says that a history of French literature is not written for the sake of advocating one's private opinions, therefore he has laid out the proportions of his work as mathematically as possible, giving to each author the importance that he seems to deserve. The manual, which begins with the year 842, is brought down to the end of the epoch of Naturalism, or to the year 1875, the last great figure studied being Alexander Dumas fils. The

* By Ferdinand Brunetière, of the French Academy. Authorized translation by Ralph Derechef. 12mo, cloth. 16 portraits, index. \$2.00. New York and Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

solidarity and dignity of the work, and the high standard of criticism that is set, as well as the clearness and charm of style, will give it a permanent place in literature. The sixteen portraits are valuable.

MODERN ENGLAND BEFORE THE REFORM BILL.

Justin McCarthy never writes ponderously or exhaustively, but he produces very popular history and biography. He analyzes men and events very clearly, though perhaps not quite so thoroughly as John Morley. His latest book, "Modern England Before the Reform Bill," is a very charming book of the class included in "The Story of the Nation Series,"* of which it is number 50. The opening chapters deal with the closing years of George III.'s reign, of the great military heroes Napoleon and Wellington, of Pitt and Fox and Sheridan and the other statesmen of the period; of the days of returning peace and growing reform movements, those dark days when England seemed on the verge of revolution. "In truth, the story of England's nineteenth century is the story of the choice which at one time seemed to be imposed on England between revolution and reaction, and of the trials and troubles, the sad confusions, the many mistakes and blunders by the way, through which at last she was guided on the road to national prosperity." And then through the subsequent chapters the author describes the events which led up to the three Reform Bills, the last one of which was transformed after a severe struggle into an Act of Parliament. Just at a time when Canada is discussing the rise and abuse of Second Chamber powers, the story of that great struggle is most interesting and instructive. In the famous year of 1832, two great constitutional principles or precedents were established. The first is, that the House of Lords must never carry resistance to any measure coming from the House of Commons beyond the point at which it becomes evident that the House of Commons is in earnest, and that the country is behind it. It may delay the passing of a measure until the House of Commons shall have had full time to reconsider its decision and say, on that reconsideration, whether it is of the same mind or not. The second great principle which the passing of the Reform Bill established is that the Sovereign must give way to the advice of his Ministers on any question of vital import to the State, and that the personal authority of the monarch is no longer to decide the course of the Government. The latter principle is firmly imbedded in the constitutional usage of Canada, but the former is one concerning which we have had no experience.

The book contains 333 pages and thirty full-page illustrations.

FIGHTS FOR THE FLAG.

W. H. Fitchett, author of "Deeds that Won the Empire" and editor of the *Australasian Review of Reviews*, has compiled a great many interesting facts in his new volume, "Fights For the Flag."† A recital of the chapter headings will give the best idea of the book's scope: Blake and the Dutchmen, Marlborough at Blenheim, Lord Anson and the Centurion, George II. at Dettingen, The Battle of Minden, Lord Howe and the First of June, Sir John Moore at Corunna, Wellington at Salamanca, San Sebastian, Navarino, Inkerman, Famous Cavalry Charges, The Men in the Ranks, and Florence Nightingale. Mr. Fitchett describes his heroes very well, and writes historical narrative of the popular type. His style is clear, forcible, sometimes epigrammatic to a considerable degree. He knows how to stir patriotic affection and blood, and how to challenge for his heroes the admiration of warm-blooded men. He is especially happy in his account of the exploits of the great sailors Anson and Blake, and makes forcible comparison of the seafaring knowledge of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries. Mr. Fitchett's book may be fully recommended to busy men desiring relaxation without triviality.

* London: T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square, E. C. Cloth, 5s.

† Bell's Colonial Library; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

THE MOMENTS

THE NEWS OF WATERLOO.

WE are quietly amused at the eccentric old Factor of the Hudson Bay Company having an unfolded, unread copy of the *London Daily Times*, exactly one year old, placed beside his plate at breakfast each morning; for we cannot understand in these days of telephones and electric railroads what it means to have only one mail a year.

We have all read of the fearful tension, the awful anxiety that pervaded the people of the United Kingdom during the days prior and immediately subsequent to the battle of Waterloo. We have heard of the ominous tremblings of the funds, consols and stocks on 'Change, the feverish arming of Volunteers and the fact that Rothschild made a million pounds sterling through a few hours prior knowledge of the British victory.

What must have been the condition of mind of the Britons in the isolated fur-trading posts of Rupert's Land, who had to wait a year-and-a-half to know if the map of Europe was changed and London occupied by French troops, can only be imagined. Diaries and letters in the archives of the old forts tell us something.

"Hi-yi, ki-yi," sang the Indian dog-runner, as his long snake-whip cracked like a pistol shot in the crisp winter air at the ear of the leader of his almost exhausted string of five dogs, as they swirled through the gateway of Fort MacPherson on the Mackenzie River on New Year's day, 1818. He had made the quickest run on record over the snow-covered plains and frozen rivers and lakes of the Great Lone Land from Fort Garry.

"Big news in de bag, dey say at Fort Garry," he said to the crowd of officers who had come from the outlying posts of the district, while the exiled Britons busily unfastened the thongs that bound the mail matter to the toboggan.

The old Chief Factor who had been a British officer with the Duke of York in Flanders stood behind the little table in the office untying the parcels while the sub-factors, chief-traders, traders and apprenticed clerks grouped together at the other end of the room and spoke in whispers. Their last mail, received a year ago from the Company's ship that sailed early in June to Fort Factory on Hudson Bay told them that Napoleon had crossed the frontier into Belgium and the two greatest generals of modern times were face

to face, and the fate of Europe, of their native land, would be decided within a few days, it might be hours, by a pitched battle. No wonder that the strong hands of their Chief trembled and a strange quietness was throughout the room. "Mr. Macdonald, a letter for you; Mr. Simpson, two for you," and so on and so on. In the stern, Spartan-like service of the Hudson Bay Company even such small details as to duty were considered and the Chief Factor restrained his intense desire and distributed the mail to his officers. Not a letter was opened. Every eye was fixed on the Chief. His eye glanced hastily over the headings of several papers and then he held one before him for a minute. "Gentlemen, stand up!" and there was the tone of the military officer in its ringing vibration. "Stand up. The Duke of Wellington beat Napoleon, horse, foot and artillery, at a place called"—he looked again at the paper—"Waterloo. And Napoleon is now a prisoner, I—" He was interrupted by a wild, fierce cheer that was almost a scream from the throats of the broad-chested Northmen about him that brought every employee in the Fort to the office door. The Chief Factor didn't say anything more for a few minutes, for there was something that seemed like a lump in his throat as he shook hands with everyone.

"Baptiste, Baptiste!" he at last shouted above the babel of voices; "Tap that keg of Jamaica rum; open a box of raisins for the children; order dinner for everybody in the big warehouse, tell Donald and Pierre to load the brass cannonades on the bastion with powder only and everybody be there at twelve o'clock. And tell the Indians to come in and give all the old women a blanket and—and—God save the King."

And the Indian and half-breed hunters in the neighbourhood sitting by their lonely camp fires at the mid-day meal marvelled much when they heard the roar of the Fort cannon. They little thought that the Chief Factor was celebrating the battle of Waterloo a year and a half after it occurred.

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

SONG.

"Ah! give me thy love, sweet maid!" he cried;

"I long for thy tender smile,
Thy soft hand laid in my waiting palm,
Thy kiss that might saints beguile."

"And what if thy love should fail," said she,
 "When my life is thine for aye?"
 He smiled, "To the dungeon who would turn
 When he knew the sun's bright ray?"

"Out from the gloom my soul shall come,
 And bask in thy love's pure light,
 And ever my tenderest care shall shield
 And guard thee by day and night."

"Oh never the flying years, sweetheart,
 Shall steal my love from thee;
 The changing seasons shall but show
 How changeless love can be."

With pleadings soft he won her heart,
 Her fears she cast away;
 She gave him her soul's undying love,
 And he loved her for a day.

— ALICE ASHWORTH.

SHOCKING.

WIFE—"This electric fan doesn't work satisfactorily. I don't believe that thing with the wire wound around it acts well!"

ELECTRIC HUSBAND—"Perhaps not—but, my dear, we must not be too critical about the way it acts—it's only an armature performance, you know!"

— ALICE ASHWORTH.

A JOKE ON WASHINGTON.

The Washington correspondent of the *Toronto Globe* tells the following:—"Talking about Lord Herschell brings to mind a story that shows how little accustomed the average American is to titles. On a recent excursion there was a somewhat elaborate luncheon, and the ladies of the party kept the menu cards and got the commissioners to write their names upon them, that they might have a souvenir of the occasion. One lady saw with undisguised concern her card filling up with plain everyday names. She was astonished that Sir Wilfrid and the other Canadian Knights signed their names without the prefix of Sir; but as she neared Lord Herschell she felt things would be different, for was he not a Lord High Chancellor of England? Her astonishment turned to dismay when the card again came back, this time with the single word Herschell. 'Herschell!' she said, 'Herschell! Why doesn't he sign it 'Lord Herschell'?' In vain it was explained to her that peers signed only their titles, and that it would be very bad form to put Lord before it. She had been buncoed, and knew it. In that souvenir card to-day there is, no doubt, a footnote for the benefit of the lady's friends, explaining that Herschell is a Lord, even though he doesn't acknowledge it himself."

AN UNWELCOME GODSPEED.

A Scotch newspaper relates that a beggar wife, on receiving a gratuity from the Rev. John Skinner, of Langside, author of *Tullochgorum*, said to him by way of thanks:—

"Oh, sir, I hoop that ye an' a' your family will be in heaven the nicht."

"Well," said Skinner, "I am very much obliged to you, only you need not have been just so particular as to the time."—*Exchange.*

A HOME THRUST.

The former Lord Elphinstone's parish minister was a very scatter-brained theologian, and in his sermons often knew not the end from the beginning. One Sunday His Lordship, in his customary sleeping, gave vent to an unmistakable snore. This was too much for the minister, who stopped and cried: "Waken, my Lord Elphinstone!"

A grunt followed, and then his Lordship answered: "I'm no sleepin', minister."

"But ye are sleepin'." I wager ye dinna ken what I said last," exclaimed the pastor.

"Ou ay," returned the peer. "Ye said: 'Waken, my Lord Elphinstone.'"

"Ay, ay," said the minister. "But I wager ye dinna ken what I said last before that."

"Tuts!" rejoined the nobleman, promptly. "I'll wager ye dinna ken yourself."—*Exchange.*

REFORMING A PARSON.

A Pittsburger, who spent a part of last summer in England, tells an incident which sadly disturbed the religious peace of a parish in Penzance. A maiden lady of that town owned a parrot, which, somehow, acquired the disagreeable habit of observing at frequent intervals: "I wish the old lady would die." This annoyed the bird's owner, who spoke to her curate about it.

"I think we can rectify the matter," replied the good man. "I also have a parrot, and he is a righteous bird, having been brought up in the way he should go. I will lend you my parrot, and I trust his influence will reform that depraved bird of yours."

The curate's parrot was placed in the same room with the wicked one, and as soon as the two had become accustomed to each other, the bad bird remarked: "I wish the old lady would die." Whereupon the clergyman's bird rolled up his eyes and in solemn accents added: "We beseech thee to hear us good Lord!"

The story got out in the parish, and for several Sundays it was necessary to omit the litany at the church services.—*Exchange.*



Lord Salisbury
Salisbury

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

Drawn for The Canadian Magazine.